

The Listener

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an interview with John Freeman

The 'Lay Spirit' in Literature

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The Problem of White Settlement

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The Listener

Vol. LXVI. No. 1706

Thursday December 7 1961

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The Search for World Order

By F. S. NORTHEDGE

NOTHING works without order, be it a watch, a train, or the globe in orbit round the sun. The degree of efficiency with which they work is determined by the degree of order maintained in them. The same principle applies to the home, the farm, the business, the community, and the state. But here other elements enter in: human relations and the need constantly to adapt to changing circumstances. It might be said that the business man is only truly efficient when he is operating both on his own behalf and for the good of the community. By and large, governments evolve controls—taxation, for example—which are designed to ensure this co-operation. Laws reinforce the controls; penalties can be imposed for non-compliance. These are the instruments of order.

If, therefore, we search for world order, we are looking for the means whereby the world, with all its peoples, can function in something of the same orderly manner. We hope for co-operation, but we recognize that there must be controls that would, if necessary, enforce it. What I suspect we are less willing to consider is what order on this scale would demand of us.

What we must think of is not order between individuals but order between organized states. The trouble here is that—as the German philosopher Schopenhauer put it—states coexist like hedgehogs in a bag, in close and prickly contact. Thirty years ago, when the champions of the League of Nations talked of world order, it was security in Europe they mainly had in mind. If they

had achieved it, the task we face today might have been infinitely less complicated. In the intervening years, states have grown in power to hurt one another; so has the jealousy and fear between them. One reason for this is that it is now technically possible to govern the world from one centre. So that behind the rivalry of the Great Powers is the fearful sense that the side which wins the struggle may provide the eventual world government.

That would be domination by one power, not world government and world order in which *all* nations might co-operate; and it must be admitted that nothing in the foreseeable future seems likely to lead in this direction. Even in western Europe, countries which have every reason for submerging their independence under one government—and have talked of doing so for years—still hesitate on the brink. Why do they do so? In part it is because federation is no longer merely a matter of creating a common authority to take care of external affairs and defence. (It was when the United States came into being in 1789.) Nowadays, the internal and external affairs of nations are so closely interwoven that government shapes almost all the circumstances of life. The important point is that the more all-embracing state control becomes, the more the order which it imposes is related to a particular scheme of values—to its chosen ideology. This is easy enough to see in an authoritarian regime, less easy to see in a democracy. In eastern Europe order equals the enforcement of communism, in South Africa of *apartheid*, in Britain it might be

called the safeguarding of the freedom of the individual by law.

Each state, then, has its own set of values. So before people demand world government, they must know what kind of values they want government to protect. Until they are clear about that, world government—even if it could be established—would soon break down. It was precisely on this question that federation broke down in the United States in the civil war a hundred years ago.

Two Approaches to World Order

This problem of getting an agreed set of values which order protects underlies two other approaches to world order. Unlike world government, these do not assume the abolition of the independent sovereign state. The first is the idea of a world security force, made up of contingents from different states, which would intervene in disputes to see that order is maintained. Last year the official disarmament plan presented to Russia by the Western Powers made provision for such a force. But the fact we must face is that an armed state may be prepared to destroy an existing order rather than see changes which it feels might menace its security—its capacity to preserve a chosen way of life. The Western Powers would evidently fight rather than see the freedom of West Berlin ended. Russia would fight rather than see communism 'rolled back' from east Europe. Values exist, in short, which every armed state believes to be more vital than order; while this is so, no state will allow a world authority to decide how force shall be used to maintain order, unless it is sure that the authority will reflect its own schemes of values. That is the meaning of the veto in the United Nations Security Council.

Since order is not merely the prevention of violence but the endorsement of certain agreed moral and political values, it has been suggested that what we need, in the first place, is not so much a world police force, but an effective system of world law. This is the second of the approaches I referred to. A world law above the separate states, interpreted by authoritative courts, would define the occasions on which the world police would act. Resort to the courts would have to be compulsory, with sanctions against unwilling states, and judgments would have to be enforced too. Many people suppose that the present East-West conflict rules out any such scheme as utopian. But it is worth recalling that agreement could not be found for it even when communism was not an international factor of importance. Back in 1924 the League of Nations Assembly adopted the so-called Geneva Protocol. This, in brief, called for sanctions against any state which refused to go to court in a dispute or to carry out the court's award and resorted to war to enforce its claim. The Protocol was chiefly opposed by Britain and the British Dominions, as they were then known, even though Britain has always been in the front rank of the movement for strengthening international law. The British Government's argument was that, since Britain was one of the greatest powers of the day, most of the force to implement the Protocol would need to come from Britain. This could mean that the British people might be asked to fight in defence of international laws with which they were not necessarily in agreement.

No Guard for the Guardians

The same difficulty exists today. Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union, who alone can provide the force behind world law, will commit themselves to use it to defend legal situations from which they dissent; much less will they consent to use their force to defend situations the legal position of which is in doubt. The gist of the matter, then, is this: the Great Powers are asked to restrict their freedom so as to enjoy greater order in return. But only they can provide the order; nobody exists to guard the guardians. Hence they naturally reserve the right to say which parts of the existing law and order they will defend. On this they are not agreed.

We can say, then, that these proposals for abolishing or reforming the present system of sovereign states are, at best, doubtful. Nevertheless the old rule for keeping order in this tempestuous society, the balance of power, is no longer adequate, if it ever was. The crisis of world politics today arises from the fact that old

techniques for securing order no longer work and new ones have not yet been found. We are, as Matthew Arnold said:

... Between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born.

The balance of power, meaning the automatic siding together of states against the most ambitious state of the day, is said to have kept the peace from Napoleon's defeat in 1815 until the outbreak of war in 1914. But at best the system was unstable. No country ever really wanted a balance; it wanted a margin of power in hand against emergencies, and every state could not have such a margin at the same time. In any case, after the uniting of Germany in 1871 the European balance was destroyed for ever. The present so-called balance might be compared with the extreme rigidity of the European position on the eve of the first world war. Two camps faced each other 'in the state and posture of armed gladiators', as Thomas Hobbes described the condition of men without a common government. Once that happened, catastrophe was not far away.

The present insecure balance operates at all points of contact between the two great power systems. But it also operates in world institutions, in particular the United Nations. Yet these give the only hope we have of bridging the gap between the contingent violence of today and the minimum of order without which humanity cannot survive. By classical diplomatic standards world institutions do more harm than good. They substitute speech-making for negotiation, votes of censure for compromise. In so far as speeches in the United Nations General Assembly obscure the fact that Great Powers have to be lived with and will not be brushed aside by the votes of smaller states, the organization makes little contribution to world order.

Soviet View of U.N.

Yet there is something profoundly unsatisfactory about the Soviet view which regards the United Nations merely as a meeting-place of the Great Powers, even though that is how, traditionally, British governments have regarded such institutions and how Mr. Hammarskjöld himself did, before the expansion in United Nations membership which began in 1956. Great Power politics have never yet kept the world at peace for long. To relegate the United Nations to the role of an alternative theatre of Great Power politics is to fold one's arms and wait for annihilation. At the other extreme is the more activist view prevalent in the United States. This considers the United Nations as a positive instrument of order, under a strong, independent Secretariat and deriving its just powers from the consent of General Assembly majorities. That view has a long and distinguished American ancestry, going back to Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, Henry Stimson and others.

But if the Soviet conception threatens to emasculate the United Nations, the American idea piles burdens on the organization perhaps greater than it can bear. One also wonders how long Americans would entertain it if General Assembly majorities began to work against American interests. In a remarkable letter sent to an American journalist in 1956, Mr. Hammarskjöld wrote that the Secretary-General should not be asked to deal with problems the Great Powers could not—or dare not—face. Ultimately, he said, the responsibility remained with them; and who, in view of the state of the world today, can doubt it? In the last resort, if the United Nations is to provide the most promising road to world order, it must do so by operating upon the policies of the Great Powers, who alone can decide war or peace. The Powers must come to feel that it is, on balance, better that they should form their policies with—as the American revolutionaries said in 1776—a 'decent respect to the opinions of Mankind'. These opinions may be imperfectly expressed in the United Nations but the Powers' own wisdom is no longer enough to save either themselves or the world.

This is the first of six talks in the B.B.C.'s General Overseas Service. Other talks in the series are: 'The Growth of World Institutions', by H. G. Nicholas; 'Systems and Sovereignty', by Andrew Shonfield; 'The Explosive Situation', by Norman Gibbs; 'Neutrality and the Individual', by Geoffrey Barraclough; 'Is World Government Possible?', by Kenneth Younger.

Jomo Kenyatta 'Face to Face'

An interview with JOHN FREEMAN

John Freeman: Mr. Kenyatta, you have just come back to normal life after nearly eight years of being either in prison or in detention. Did you find when you returned to your fellow men that you had lost touch with life in Kenya?

Jomo Kenyatta: Not at all, because I was already in touch with political leaders as well as the people. I used to have 20,000 to 25,000 people every day coming to my house, singing and bringing presents to me. Not only that, but when I went to visit places, many, many thousands of people came out to greet me; they were very happy to see me and I was also very happy to see them and to talk to them. So the people have not forgotten me. Instead their feeling for me has increased.

Freeman: Are these only Kikuyu, people from your own tribe, or do you get people from other tribes as well?

Kenyatta: People from all sections: from down the coast up to the lakes, and from the northern province; people of all nationalities and people from various groups; not only the Kikuyu but all the peoples of Kenya.

Freeman: Let us go back a little to the sad period when you were in gaol. Were you given the sort of privileges granted to a political prisoner, or not?

Kenyatta: Not at all. I was a mere convict, known by number, not by name; I was told that that was one of the punishments—to deny me all the privileges that I had before. I was treated just like a common prisoner.

Freeman: Did you have to do what is called hard labour?

Kenyatta: I was convicted to do hard labour, but fortunately, owing to my age, and because a doctor found that I was not fit to do hard work as I was suffering from what they call high blood pressure, I was given only light duties.

Freeman: How old are you, Mr. Kenyatta?

Kenyatta: I think I am over seventy-one.

Freeman: There has always been a slight mystery here: you don't really know how old you are, do you?

Kenyatta: I do, because I was born, I think, somewhere in 1890, and if you count it from there you will find that what I have told you is the truth.

Freeman: When you were in gaol did they try on you the process of rehabilitation which was tried on all sorts of other people who were detained?

Kenyatta: I cannot recall them trying anything of that kind on me.

Freeman: No suggested reading, for instance?

Kenyatta: Suggested reading? In the first period we were not allowed to read newspapers except those that were selected by the government, and otherwise we were only allowed to read religious books. It was only later on, in the last period, that we were able to read the books of our own choice.

Freeman: Mr. Kenyatta, I would not be treating you fairly if I didn't say that as far as the British public is concerned many of them do still regard you as having been responsible for actual crimes. I don't think that politically aware people do think this, but the charge they sometimes make against you is that you did not condemn Mau Mau when it took place. What is your answer to that?

Kenyatta: My answer is that what they are thinking is not right, because I was doing all I could to avoid violence, and in many cases I have denounced violence in my political meetings and elsewhere. I did so; but I think my denunciations were not given wide publicity because for one reason or another the government wanted to paint me as black as they could.

Freeman: Did it ever strike you, during the course of your trial, that if at that stage you had absolutely unequivocally condemned violence the result of the trial might have been different?

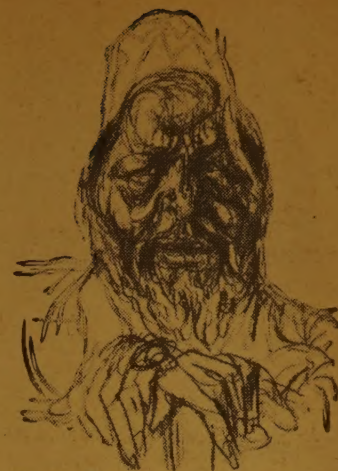
Kenyatta: No, it would not have been different, because the government were determined to go through with their case and to win it: even when the judge acquitted us in the very beginning, the government appealed against the decision and it was only then that they were able to convict us. The judge in the first place acquitted all of us.

Freeman: However, it remains that if you did condemn violence as you say you did, then your advice was not effective with your followers at that time?

Kenyatta: I think it was effective because the real violence broke out while I was in gaol, or when I was under arrest. During my trial, through my lawyers, especially Mr. Pritt, we talked together and I said the government wanted me to stop these things, and I told the government that if they gave me a chance, if I were free to get in touch with my people, then I would be able to stop all the violence that was going on. But the government were reluctant to accept that, and it was after promising this that they finally refused.

Freeman: Mr. Kenyatta, not only are you a political leader but you are also a scholar and an anthropologist—that is part of your life. I want you to look at the problems of your own people, the Kikuyu. For some reason the relations between the Europeans and the Kikuyu in recent years have not been good. Can you, as an anthropologist, tell me what has gone wrong?

Kenyatta: Nothing has gone wrong; but when a man is hungry and he sees his neighbour going with a full belly and so on, naturally human nature is what it is, and you can't blame the Kikuyu for feeling that this land belonged to us, and that now we



Jomo Kenyatta: a sketch by Feliks Topolski



Mr. Kenyatta being interviewed by John Freeman in Nairobi during the B.B.C. Television programme 'Face to Face'

have nowhere to cultivate or to graze our cattle, sheep, and goats. I think that is one of the reasons that the relationship has deteriorated, because actually the Kikuyu could see, wherever they passed, land which a few years ago was their own.

Freeman: Apart from land, is there any reason to think that the Kikuyu has been sociologically more disturbed by colonialism than the other tribes in Kenya?

Kenyatta: I think so, because you see in Kenya the capital is in the heart of Kikuyu country. Naturally the Kikuyu have been much more disturbed: de-tribalization is one thing which has disturbed their mode of life. Their needs have been increased, they are forced to satisfy these needs, and I think that is also something that has caused disturbance.

Influence of Christian Missionaries

Freeman: Do you think the Christian missionaries have been a good or a bad influence?

Kenyatta: Missionaries have done a lot of good work, because it was through them that many of the Kikuyu got their first education, and through the missions many Kikuyu were able to learn to read and write. The missionaries wanted them to be able to read the Bible in their particular languages, and also the medical side of missions did very well and are still doing good work. But, at the same time, I think some, especially the old missionaries, did not understand the value of African customs: many of them tried to stamp out some of the customs without knowing the part such customs play in the life of the Kikuyu. Through that, or through interference with the people's customs, they upset the life of the people. But, on the other hand, they did very good work.

Freeman: You yourself, of course, were educated in a mission school. Were you instructed in the Christian religion?

Kenyatta: Yes.

Freeman: Did you ever accept it?

Kenyatta: Yes, yes.

Freeman: Are you a Christian now of any kind?

Kenyatta: I am a Christian but not a denominational Christian; I believe in the teaching of Christ, the way He taught—I take it many so-called Christians do not follow that. I have no quarrel with them—they can do what they like—but I believe in the way Jesus taught. I don't like denominational kind of business because sometimes this is also due to the selfishness of human nature: a small sect feel that their way of interpreting the Bible is the best, and another one says the same thing; but I don't follow that, I follow the teaching of the Bible, and I think it helps me in many ways.

Freeman: You are yourself, of course, a curious mixture, because although you are a Kikuyu you have been educated partly by Europeans; you have lived for a long period in the United Kingdom. Is this a period of your life that you look back on with pleasure?

Kenyatta: Yes, while I was there I learned many things, and I had many friends; even today I still have many, many friends in England, and I liked life there. It was a life of ups and downs—a politician has to be contented with a hard life—but in spite of all that I managed to do my political work as well as my study in England, and I liked it very much.

Freeman: The other charge which I think your opponents in Great Britain will bring against you is that you are either secretly or publicly a Communist. Are you a Communist?

Kenyatta: Not at all. I have visited Moscow; I have been there twice, like anybody else, as I know some of the Conservatives in England have done, just for educational purposes. But many of the people who want to spoil my career naturally take the view that Kenyatta has been in Moscow, therefore he is a Communist. That is nonsense; being in Nairobi or the Kikuyu country doesn't make a Kikuyu, nor does it make you an African.

Freeman: Nevertheless, I would like to ask you what your changing attitudes towards communism have been. You will agree that in the nineteen-twenties and thirties you were much closer to the Communists perhaps than you are now?

Kenyatta: No, I never was closer to the Communist Party. What I was closer to is a Labour Party; I was very close to the International Labour Party but I was never closely associated

with the Communist Party. The I.L.P. and the Labour Party—those were my parties, and I move about with people who belong to these parties.

Freeman: So the suggestion which I have heard made that even nowadays your political activities are to some extent governed by advice or instructions from Communists is completely untrue?

Kenyatta: Absolutely untrue; I have no contact with any Communists or any Communist country; but, as I said before, all kinds of things are put forward by the people who want to spoil my political career.

Freeman: Would you in fact be prepared to accept help, let us say in the way of funds, from Communist sources—political funds?

Kenyatta: When we are free—I mean when we are independent—I think we shall have the right to get help from any friends, without any strings. But at the moment I have no help whatsoever from any Communist country.

Freeman: Do you think that the general line of Communist policies towards Africa is a good one or not?

Kenyatta: What we are looking forward to doing and what we are trying to do is not to make Kenya follow somebody else's policy or ideology. We intend to make our own ideology, and we are free to take good things from all quarters. And if we find that the British system of democratic government is good for us we can adopt it, with modifications to suit our own ends.

Freeman: As far as you can see it so far, does the British system of democratic government suit Kenya?

Kenyatta: I think the parliamentary system does suit Kenya, with, of course, modifications to suit the African way of thinking or way of life.

Freeman: Do you envisage that Kenya will stay inside the Commonwealth after independence?

Kenyatta: Yes.

Freeman: Under the Queen or as a republic?

Kenyatta: That remains to be seen. It can do either; India, Pakistan, Ghana—they are republics and yet they remain in the Commonwealth.

Freeman: Do you personally think that monarchy is a suitable system for Kenya?

Kenyatta: No, I don't think monarchy is suitable: we have never had a monarchy as such, except that the King or the Queen has been a sort of Head of State. But I do not think that we can look forward to establishing a monarchy in Kenya.

Freeman: Not a monarchy of its own.

Kenyatta: As far as the Commonwealth is concerned, the details can be gone into: that is all I can say. It will not be impossible, or unlikely, for free Kenya to think of becoming a republic; but that is a thing which will have to be discussed by an independent Kenya.

The Plunge back into Politics

Freeman: I wonder if you have been wise to plunge quite so quickly back into party politics after your release from detention?

Kenyatta: I think it is wise because if you want to swim you must plunge into the water and swim properly.

Freeman: Nevertheless, by accepting the presidency of one of the political parties you have obviously weakened your influence over the other one?

Kenyatta: I don't think so; I am in a better position now to discuss matters closely with the other party, whereas formerly I could not do it, I could only belly-ache, or I could only suggest; I was a mere spectator. As in England, one must be the leader of a party.

Freeman: Yes, but of course our parties in England are not divided at all on any tribal system.

Kenyatta: No, I think it is the same thing here. We are not divided on the tribal system: that has been magnified. We do not think about tribal business, we think of Kenya as one nation.

Freeman: Yes, but do the smaller tribes feel the same about that?

Kenyatta: They do feel the same. I have travelled round and I have visited many of the so-called small tribes, and they think as I do. The trouble is that a few leaders who are concerned with

their positions feel that if they join the other party they will lose their position. So I think they are suffering from an inferiority complex: they feel perhaps they will not be able to cope with the other people.

Freeman: Do you feel, Mr. Kenyatta, at the age of seventy-one, and after the period of detention, that you really are in control of your party now, or are you a figurehead for younger men?

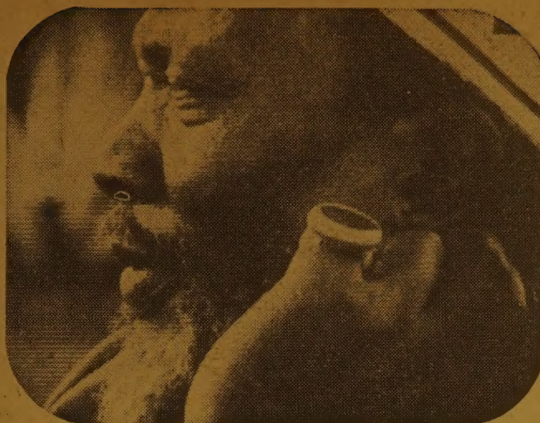
Kenyatta: Oh no, I am not. I don't play second fiddle; I wouldn't do that. I feel I am controlling the party, and I am capable of doing it.

Freeman: You do accept, don't you, that there are a large number of Europeans in this country who would like to stay in Kenya after independence but who still believe that you and your party will rob them of their lands?

Kenyatta: That's nonsense; we don't want to rob anybody of his property. What we want to get is power—that is, the government. We want to rule our country, and those people who want to stay in it can do so, providing that they accept its authority.

Freeman: You have said this before; but you do realize, don't you, that quite a lot of decent Europeans find it difficult to believe you on this because some of your colleagues don't say the same thing?

Kenyatta: I think the reason why they don't believe me is because they have preconceived ideas. The sooner they get rid of their preconceived ideas the better, because we want a Kenya where all the citizens will be treated alike, irrespective of race, colour, or religion. We want to have equality of our citizens, and all citizens will be protected by law: I don't see why anybody should fear that an independent Kenya government will not treat



Jomo Kenyatta as viewers saw him on the television screen

John Cura

them well. I think they will be more protected even than they are now.

Freeman: Does that assurance mean that provided they farm their land efficiently they will not lose it?

Kenyatta: Exactly. What we don't want is what you call absentee landlords; we want people who can do something, work for the progress of Kenya. Those people who farm their land well for the benefit of the country we naturally want to stay, because we want the economic development of the country. But those lands which lie idle must be returned to the Africans, because there are a large number of African people who have no land at all, and we cannot expect them just to look on where large tracts of land are lying

idle, when they have nowhere to live. It is only fair that such land should be given to the landless Africans.

Freeman: Do you think that Kenya is now ready for full independence?

Kenyatta: It has been ready for many years, and it is more than ready now.

Freeman: Are the Africans ready and experienced enough yet to take over the actual administration of government?

Kenyatta: Yes, they are certainly.

Freeman: Do you expect that they will do that, or do you want British civil servants to stay and help?

Kenyatta: Oh, we want help: when we demand our independence that does not mean that we do not want help from other people. We want help from all quarters, administratively or economically and otherwise. We want friends, those who can work under an African government. What we don't want is masters. What we want is friends to help us; but masters, no. We have no place for them.—*From a programme in B.B.C. Television*

China and the United Nations

By JOHN CRAWLEY, B.B.C. New York correspondent

FOR the last ten years the question of China's representation at the United Nations has been a point of issue in the cold war. When Russia's Mr. Zorin is President of the Security Council—as he was all last month—an icy little comedy is played out whenever the delegate of China asks for the floor. With all other delegates, Mr. Zorin says: 'I now call on the distinguished representative of the United States or the United Kingdom', or whoever it is; but when it is China he says: 'I now call on Mr. Tsiang'; and the delegate of Nationalist China, Dr. Tsiang, enters a dignified protest against the lack of courtesy of Mr. Zorin, points out that he is the properly accredited representative of China, and then goes on to make his statement.

The Zorin method was laid down by Mr. Vyshinsky years ago, who also referred to Dr. Tsiang in debate as 'the representative of the Kuomintang clique'. Mr. Zorin has improved on that. He now says: 'The representative who represents nobody'. Dr. Tsiang, in fact, represents the 7,500,000 people of Taiwan or Formosa, and not the 500,000,000 or 600,000,000 of mainland China—the People's Republic of China.

Now, for the first time, this great issue is being formally debated here at the United Nations—not just on a proposal to shelve the issue. It looks like being a long debate, two weeks or so, and there will be much manoeuvring. Skilful use of the rules of procedure will undoubtedly play a part in the outcome, and both sides hope to spring surprises just before the voting. But the main lines are drawn. The Soviet Union hopes to obtain a straight vote on the plain issue of replacing the Nationalist delegation by

a Communist delegation from the People's Republic of China. And if there were no alternative proposal Britain would have to vote with Russia on that. But the United States wants to tie the whole question up to expansion of the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council, and have a committee appointed which would report next year. Most people here think this will just succeed, mainly because the Brazzaville group of French African states have promised to reward Dr. Tsiang for allowing the package deal whereby Mauretania entered the United Nations, arm in arm with Mongolia.

The common view is that a surprise move could bring the People's Republic in this year, and that by next year it is almost a certainty. How much difference will it make when it happens? One way of looking at it is to say that, after all, two vetoes are no more effective than one when it comes to blocking action by the Security Council, and otherwise China will simply represent a shift of one vote in the General Assembly in the Committees. However, there is more to it than that. Argument and persuasion and pressure in the lobbies are most important here, and the African and Asian delegations will come under a new Communist influence. Maybe there will be occasions on which the two great Communist Powers will be pulling on divergent strings, but for the most part they are likely to be working at any rate in the same general direction; and then the very fact that they are both there will be a constant reminder to the African and Asian countries of the weight and power of the Communist world. The reverse of this may be even more important. The American tactics have ensured that when mainland China does enter the United

Nations it will be an open defeat for the United States. This will matter inside the United Nations, and it will matter outside in the United States, when the American people come to size up the record of the Kennedy Administration. It will lose the Democrats many votes, and it will lead to a strident demand for American withdrawal from the United Nations.

Just how loud that will be it is hard to tell. The recent death of Senator Styles Bridges is certainly a heavy blow to the China lobby. He was a strong supporter of General Chiang Kai-shek,

and one with a big following. He will not easily be replaced, particularly as an influence on the eastern seaboard where he came from. But the China lobby was always strongest in the west and the south where the extreme right-wing revival is flourishing, and the Democratic Senator from Texas said to me recently: 'If Red China comes in, the grass roots of Texas will be blazing, and the two dirtiest words in the American political vocabulary will be "United Nations".'

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Problem of White Settlement

The fourth Reith Lecture by MARGERY PERHAM on 'The Colonial Reckoning'

I MUST confess that it has been difficult to keep back this question of white settlement for this talk. Much that I have been saying about African nationalism and British policy applies also to the settled areas of British Africa. With one fundamental difference: a British government can pack up and go when the moment for abdication arrives. But where there is a hard stratification of black majority under white minority, and the black layer begins to heave into political assertion, the whole structure threatens to disrupt. Consider the areas of conflict in Africa. Algeria? A million settlers—six years of war. The cost? Perhaps 200,000 lives—so far! Angola? Thousands killed by African massacre and Portuguese repression. The Congo? A chaos from which thousands of Belgian settlers have fled. Kenya and Central Africa? They now face Britain with her gravest remaining problems. South Africa? Three million whites in a rigid stratum still holding down

10,000,000 Africans—but at what cost in tension and injustice!

Africa's total population is estimated at 230,000,000—225,000,000 Africans, some 5,500,000 Europeans—that is, less than two Europeans to every hundred Africans. The majority of the Africans are the Negro or Negroid peoples south of the Sahara. And even in Algeria and South Africa the whites are only a minority. Between these two regions (which are some 3,000 miles apart) are scattered the remaining Europeans; the majority, north of the settled Rhodesias, are mainly birds of passage—government servants, business men, missionaries and so on. Even in Kenya, a very large proportion of the 65,000 whites are not rooted settlers.

Africa is, therefore, pretty solidly African. How is it, then, that the small numbers of Europeans do not represent a small problem? Most of the world's nations are amalgams, formed gradually through migration and mixture. But the modern domination of the world by the West was accompanied by migration of a new and powerful kind. The migrants arrived abruptly from across the oceans, with all the power of their strong civilization, their new weapons, new techniques, and the strength which came from their retaining contact with their base in Europe. Crowded, industrious Asia offered them no foothold for settlement. But in the Americas, in Australia and New Zealand, the

immigrants found weak, scanty peoples and these they dominated, and sometimes destroyed. They then built up their own utterly different civilization.

But, since these newcomers were rationalizing people, they had to justify their actions. Remember the behaviour of the Spanish conquerors of the lonely empires of the Aztecs and the Incas.

In the age of Discovery most of the discoverers were men of violence. So here was wholesale plunder, slaughter, and enslavement of the peoples of these fascinating but fragile civilizations. The pretext was the spreading of Christianity, yet for the first time colonialism had to meet the real challenge of this faith. A great Christian, Las Casas, came back from America to report the appalling cruelty of his own countrymen, so great that he feared God would destroy Spain for her misdeeds. He appealed to Ferdinand and Isabella. Another cleric opposed him. He appealed back to Aristotle who had considered this issue, as

indeed he had considered most others. Although not always consistent about this, he did lay down that war could be waged against men who, 'though intended by nature to be governed, will not submit, for war of this kind is naturally just': 'By nature', the key words with the injurious idea, to be so often repeated or implied by later ages. Las Casas made the noble, and, as we now think, the only reply: 'All the peoples of the world are men'. But, alas! Las Casas, while pitying the poor Amerindians, who could not stand up to ill-treatment and hard labour, encouraged the importation of Negroes who were so well able to do so.

The English adventurers and their American descendants dealt out much the same treatment to the Red Indians in North America. Some of these tribes defied both conquest and slavery. 'We are not your slaves', said the leader of the famous Six Nations. 'These forests, these lakes and rivers are ours, and before we will part with them we will spatter the leaves with your blood or die every man in the attempt'. There followed the ghastly, long-drawn-out struggle which lives on as material for schoolboy romances, and for ceaseless manufacture of so-called 'western' films to satisfy the sense of adventure—or is it the suppressed blood lust?—of our urban civilization. President Theodore Roosevelt wrote the Red Indians' epitaph in his book



Police struggling with rioters during the outbreak of racial violence at Notting Hill, London, in 1958



White Boran cattle on a European farm in Kenya: behind are the Aberdare mountains

The Winning of the West. 'The settler and the pioneers', he concluded, 'have at bottom had justice on their side: this great continent could not have been kept as nothing but a game preserve for squalid savages'. We may, therefore, be grateful to the late Gary Cooper for stripping the romance from this grim story in his last television commentary. Was there, this makes us ask, no middle course?

West Africa was too inhospitable to tempt our own seventeenth- and eighteenth-century forefathers to do more than pick up their slaves on the coast. Some West Africans, it is said, told a European that they meant to put up a statue, many, oh! very many times life-size, to their great protector and deliverer. The European complacently inquired whether the choice would be Wilberforce or Buxton. 'No', came the reply, 'the mosquito'.

The British immigrants, like the Dutch, but unlike the Spanish and Portuguese, drew a rigid racial line between themselves and the natives. They meant to retain both their political control and the purity of their blood. Hence the angry humiliation of the awakening Africans, when they tried to make the first grades in the new Western civilization and ran into the rigid colour bar. For the Germanic speaking Europeans, British, Germans, Americans, and Dutch share a deep bias against inter-marriage with the Negro race. We cannot avoid confronting this granite-hard

fact. It lies at the very heart of our present problem in Africa. This conscious, or unconscious, fear of race-mixture accounts both for the white man's innermost ring of defence and for his outer ring of political, social, and economic ramparts. It explains many of the news items we get from the southern United States, from South Africa, the Rhodesias and Kenya—and from Notting Hill—with the news of occasional retaliatory orgies of raping of white women in the Congo.

British settlers in tropical Africa have had the additional fear, conscious or sub-conscious, of being such tiny minorities. Many years ago, when waiting in Aden for a ship to take me across to Somaliland, then still a pretty wild place, I suddenly had a feeling that I could not leave the relative civilization of Aden and plunge into that unknown land across the sea. It was not ordinary physical fear, certainly not sexual fear. It was the fear that myself, this white, English, self-loved, cultivated self, would in some way be lost, overwhelmed, cut off from its base among tens of thousands of other beings, not necessarily inferior but utterly alien and uncomprehending. The nightmare feeling passed, and I have never felt anything like it in Somaliland or anywhere else. But how many settlers and indeed missionaries, especially in lonely places, may not sometimes add this half-conscious dread to all other more rational fears.

Races, it is often said, are divided by a culture-bar as well



Kikuyu outside their huts in a village in the Nyeri district of Kenya

as a colour bar. There is also the class bar. Many Kenya settlers belonged to what we used to call the gentry, if not to the aristocracy. They came from a country of still strong class divisions. They saw the African tribesmen living in their dark little huts, either naked or in greasy goat skins. At home they had had no social contact with their servants and labourers—how much less would contact seem possible where barriers of race, and of mutual incomprehension, were added to that of status! It was therefore not easy for the settlers to adjust their attitudes to the first educated Africans who arose from the masses to imitate, or, as the settlers might think, to challenge or caricature them. African nationalism today demands compensation for this long inequality. Yet settlers shrink from the idea of living under African rulers. The settlers' future in Kenya and Central Africa hangs in the balance.

Consider first the settlers' side. The regions in the east to which our countrymen migrated differed completely from West Africa. The west had a large population, many important chiefs and considerable states. Its heat and soil made its coastal regions a natural greenhouse for the steady production of cocoa and palm oil. This almost ready-made native economy meant a ready-made revenue. And, if Africans were to be helped to advance, governments had to build up revenues. Britain neither could nor would have poured out the necessary funds. Now contrast Central Africa and Kenya—mostly poor soil, much arid steppe, a scanty and ill-distributed rainfall, and, therefore, a scanty ill-distributed population, most of it far more backward in civilization than in West Africa.

Achievements of the Settlers

Yet there were some areas of high cool land, especially in Kenya, almost uninhabited, which white settlers could make richly productive, which could repay the building of a railway. But only at the cost of long practical and scientific experiment in types of soil, of seed and of livestock, in hard-bought experience of the fickle climate. In Southern Rhodesia minerals, asbestos, gold, chromium, coal, set the production graphs climbing, and manufactures followed. In Northern Rhodesia a string of mines rear their shaft heads out of the bush and belch out flaming slag. Between 1945 and 1952 the output of copper rocketed in value from some £7,000,000 to nearly £70,000,000. Unlike West Africa, therefore, these settled countries have complex, European-type economies, highly dependent on scientific research, capital and managerial skill, and with African populations increasingly dependent upon industrial wages. Settlers ask how these new and still precarious economic structures could be put tomorrow under the control of inexperienced African governments.

That is the economic side. On the human side, the settlers, the farmers above all, have committed themselves, their resources, and their families to Africa. They did not go out as philanthropists, but most of them, after taking one look at Africa, saw themselves—and still see themselves—as agents of civilization. I think especially of Kenya, of friends who put their small fortunes, their officer's gratuity perhaps, into a raw block of the veld. They broke it into shape, built a small house, ran in and out of debt as prices or climate failed them. The wife would make a garden with the glorious range of Kenya's flowers; would care, as so many have done for their African labourers, and their labourers' wives and children. These countrymen of ours have given all their hearts and hopes to that glorious land. Today they must choose—either to stay under an African government or to pull out, perhaps in middle or late age, to face a new life, abandoning all they have struggled to create.

Turn to the African's side. He now sees himself as having been treated as a despised inferior, discriminated against, his social life disrupted by labour migration and other forces. Above all, he fears for his land, the land of his family, his fathers, their spirits and their graves, the security for his old age. And this in his own country, as the result, as he sees it, of the recent intrusion of white men! Add to this the political side. And—here we come to Aristotle again—it was part of the settlers' earlier case that the Africans were inherently unfit to rule—'intended by nature to be governed'. Here came the usual argument about the 2,000 years which, they said, it had taken Britain to reach her present civiliza-

tion. In the nineteen-thirties I used to study the newspaper, the *Nairobi East African Standard*, and read the settlers' angry speeches and letters attacking the government, very often for its protection of African interests. More and more Africans were also reading them, and I would weigh their cumulative effects on these readers who were getting no very good example of civic behaviour. I would hear the not uncommon light remark by settlers, who could have no acquaintance with the dimensions of evolution, that Africans were 'just off the trees'.

Bewilderment and Resentment

Is it unfair to the settlers to remember these things now when relations are so different—and so difficult? But is it fair to the Africans *not* to remember that this was the atmosphere in which their first bewilderment could harden into the resentment of an almost incurable humiliation? They feared that the settlers would win their struggle to gain what they called 'self-government' as they had in South Africa and—a nearer parallel—in Southern Rhodesia. About 1930 they very nearly did so, and I well remember the intense struggle in Britain of those of us who opposed this surrender.

But for the masses the land issue was always closer and more crucial. Many investigators have measured out the exact amount of inhabited land that was taken away from Africans in Kenya. It is, in fact, a small proportion of the whole. But few Africans will accept the figures. This is because their numbers have swelled under Britain's peace and social services; because they now produce more, and need more. They look out of their little plots to the large nearby European farms. It was the Kikuyu who suffered most from these resentments. Their beautiful wooded hills stretch down from the foot of their sacred Mount Kenya to lap around Nairobi. They go out to work on the European farms. They crowd into the capital, gaze at the European luxuries through the plate-glass windows. They are the most ambitious, the most sophisticated, perhaps the ablest of the Kenya tribes. Minds full of bitter anger and envy within were open to incitement from without.

So we come to Mau Mau, that most ghastly of rebellions with its bestial oaths and cult of torture and murder. Today we busy ourselves studying the psychology of frustration both in nations and classes and the perversities into which it drives its victims. A Kenya leader said in effect the other day 'Call us savages and we will go back to savagery'. How deep must have been the frustrations of the Kikuyu to drive them to practices which deliberately violated the sanctities of their own sexual and tribal life! Both morally and physically the outbreak injured them far more than the settlers. By the end, 80,000 were in detention; how many killed in fighting, how many loyalists murdered, cannot be known. I cannot forget that look in the eyes of the so-called hardcore prisoners, men and women, dark faces made so much darker by their look of settled hate. Europeans lost strangely few to the Kikuyu knives. I was only twice briefly in Kikuyu country during the Mau Mau, but just long enough to know what it was to wonder if a noise in the night meant that *they* were coming—far worse than any London air-raid fear—and one with which the settlers on their isolated farms, often women alone with their children, had to endure for two or three years on end. And yet—if there had been no white settlement, would there have been Mau Mau?

Mau Mau's Results

We British hate even to admit that the blackmail of violence can pay. Yet even before Mau Mau ended, the Government had made such vigorous efforts to divert the disordered Kikuyu to agriculture that this tribe can now show perhaps the best farming in Africa. The Government actually began to force through the revolutionary advance to individual tenure. But Mau Mau had even wider results. This one tribe had disrupted the whole life of the colony, demanded the mobilization of all its resources, the dispatch of British troops, the expenditure of £60,000,000. There was surely only one conclusion—that Kenya could never face another tribal movement of this kind—still less a movement wider than the tribe. And that, in turn, must surely mean that the Kenya Africans could not for long be denied the independence that had

been given to the Sudan and Ghana, that was clearly coming to Tanganyika and Uganda. Hence the Lancaster House Conference of 1960, when Mr. Macleod shattered such illusions as the settlers still cherished about their future. How much more serious would the issue be today if the settlers had succeeded in gaining so-called 'self-government' and so entrenched themselves more strongly, yet still hopelessly, in the heart of black tropical Africa!

Now look at Central Africa. Sir Roy Welensky is a courageous man but he has his back to the wall, and from there he has had some hard things to say about Britain and our erratic conscience. But surely the original mistake was in our ever agreeing to the Central African Federation. If we had seen Africa steadily and seen it whole, we should have realized that this was a highly precarious experiment. Why was it attempted? The Rhodesian settlers, especially those in the all-but-independent Southern Rhodesia, felt themselves in danger of being caught between the two fires—African nationalism to the south, African nationalism to the north. British governments saw that, if Southern Rhodesia gravitated from weakness into the orbit of South Africa, both *apartheid* and Afrikanerdom would creep up north to the territories still under the Colonial Office, and would perhaps absorb Northern Rhodesia with its many Afrikaner miners. It would then come up sharp against the African nationalism of Nyasaland and of a Tanganyika which, as a United Nations trust territory, was internationally assured of its independence. But if the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, already very much of an economic unit, could become a *political* unit, a large and potentially rich Commonwealth dominion would be born. Southern Rhodesia might then liberalize further her own native policy, and the whole region would achieve a more equal system than *apartheid*, and one capable, under British influence, of still further liberalization.

The case seemed reasonable. But it failed to measure the deeper forces—irrational forces, if you will—against it. Its shock awoke the still politically somnolent northern Africans. They suddenly realized that the traditional Colonial Office path leading slowly forward to self-government was being closed. Instead they were being put under the control of the Southern Rhodesian settlers. Almost all native races have been quick to recognize the difference between a distant imperial government and its all too nearby emigrant subjects—even the Red Indians knew that, and the attempt of the British Government to protect them from the lawless advance of the white frontiersmen was one of the several causes of the American Revolution. The Maoris knew it. So did the famous Chief Khama, father of Tshekedi, who bought a top-hat and a frock coat and went to protest to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain about the goings-on of Cecil Rhodes—and won his case.

So with the Africans of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. How could it have been expected that tribes on one side of a frontier could accept settler control while tribes just over the border in Tanganyika could be seen advancing freely into independence? The political leaders of Nyasaland—that beautiful crowded little land of lakes and mountains—deliberately imported Dr. Banda as their charismatic leader from overseas. And soon after they felt driven to prove to us by bloodshed their rejection of Federation. Even the Southern Rhodesian Africans who had been apparently docile under the very intelligent, paternal rule of their settler government, began to feel the stirrings of nationalism. I attended one of the first large political meetings of Africans in the native quarter of the capital, Salisbury. The packed hall was electric with the current of suddenly released racial assertion and resolve.

The gap between the races was revealed and, alas!, it has widened. Attempts were made to close it in Southern Rhodesia with relaxations of the colour bar, with generous educational and other welfare services, with a new multi-racial university. Ingeniously weighted franchises were devised favouring education and wealth to give the Europeans political predominance now but to allow Africans to qualify increasingly as they advanced in civilization. On paper this gradualism may seem just what was needed for a measured closure of the gap between the races; it reflected Britain's own development of a middle class and step-by-step extension of political and economic equality. But the Africans had by now been infected with more impatient hopes. Their leaders prefer to be at the head of the African masses, and to urge them on to total victory, rather than to be the camp-followers tagging along in the rear of the white man's forces. The width of the racial divide is shown by the tragic fall of nearly all, white or black, who have tried to reach across from one side to the other as intermediaries; and also by the relentless intimidation which Africans deal out to those other moderate and experienced Africans who try to stand against the extremist current—that intimidation, we may note, which is wielded in other racial situations, by white men in America's black south or, even more terribly today, by both colonist and native in Algeria.

The future of these settled areas is open to many questions. In Central Africa, will the local Europeans be able to retain control long enough to enable them to impose *their* standards of civilization—and persuade Britain to agree? Will the Africans, especially the workers in the mines and industries, realize their own economic interest in retaining the Federation, and with it that European control of a complex economy which they cannot for many years hope to manage efficiently themselves? In Kenya, the



Dr. Hastings Banda, the African nationalist leader in Nyasaland

main political issue is now settled.

The responsibility of power *might* incline an African government to safeguard the productive settlers, who provide 90 per cent. of the agricultural exports. Unfortunately the scattered and heterogeneous tribes would have made unity difficult even if there had been no settlers, no Asians, no Arab coast, no irredentist Somalis. If the new African government should use violent measures to coerce dissidents, if there should be a breakdown of security, few Europeans would wish to live with these conditions. The bitterness of the settlers at being treated, as they see it, by Britain, their own country, as expendable, is beyond measure. Compensation for them presents difficult political and administrative problems. Yet surely the nation whose governments encouraged them to settle, and to believe to the eleventh hour that their position would be protected, owes them compensation.

There are times when it seems that the problems Africa sets to black alone, certainly to black and white living together, are beyond any rational solution. It is not easy for white men, above all those whose lives are committed to Africa, even to plan a just course, as they see it, between the kind of freedom exhibited in the Congo and the kind of order exhibited in South Africa. All the more since, though man does not live by bread alone, he does need the bread which only a stable economy can provide in this physically poor and precarious continent.

Yet Africans can no longer be ruled as if they were just numbers, without names or minds. They are taking over their own destiny, taking it into inexperienced, fumbling and sometimes violent, yet eager and vigorous, hands. It cannot now be taken back.—*Home Service*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Through the Curtain

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Black and White

IN a talk which we publish on another page, Mr. C. Fleetwood-Walker speculates about the effect of black and white photographic techniques on modern architecture. His suggestion is that photographers have become so clever that they make buildings look more exciting by deliberate 'high-lighting', the use of hard edges and extreme contrasts of light and shade, which results in a false, because idealized, impression of what mere buildings actually look like. The typical black and white architectural photograph on glossy paper, especially if intended partly as an advertisement, may indeed seem calculated to glamorize the building it represents by suggesting, first, that our climate is predominantly brilliant when it is in fact predominantly dull (especially in the cities), and second, that our buildings are composed of materials chosen primarily for their dramatic contrast of light and shade. Thus photographers now, like painters in the past, are imposing their vision of reality on the architect, obliging him to look at buildings through the camera's achromatic eye; with the odd result, according to Mr. Fleetwood-Walker, that architects are now actually trying to make their buildings look like photographs and go round 'looking for black bricks in imitation of photographs of brown ones'. The camera, it seems, has learnt to lie, or if not to lie, to raise expectations which a visit to the object itself may not fulfil.

Architectural photography has much to its credit. It enables us to study detail, and to make comparisons between different buildings, and has probably helped us to become better educated visually than we used to be. It would be unfortunate, therefore, if in its presentation of modern buildings photography were to become a purveyor of the dream-world of the shiny magazine, persuading architects to construct after its image and to abandon their hold on the often unglamorous realities of building in modern Britain, just at the time when the public is beginning to take some belated interest in the new structures which are transforming our towns and cities. Many of these have made striking use of colour, and no one, surely, would wish these experiments, which have so brightened our drab environment, to be abandoned, or even modified in the interests of art editors. When an architect makes a design, he must surely bear in mind that he is building primarily for a particular locality and for the people who will go there and live there. He is not aiming to capture a clever effect in a split-second of two-dimensional black and white, but to produce a solid object which will be related to other objects and will withstand the slow changes of time and weather.

Moreover, we must remember that black and white photography itself may be on the way out. Colour photography has become increasingly popular in recent years, and most young photographers—both professionals and amateurs—are trying their hand at it. Soon we shall see colour television in this country, and it seems at least possible that we shall also one day be taking for granted the presence in our magazines of far more, and far more faithful, colour-photographs, with the result that the kind of reproductions which are now in danger of producing fashionable falsifications of reality may disappear.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S INTERVIEW with Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law, Mr. Adzhubei, who devoted half the front page and all the second page of *Izvestia* to it, aroused great interest in eastern Europe. According to the Polish news agency, it was the 'centre of attention' in the Warsaw press. It was also featured prominently in Czech and Rumanian newspapers. The Moscow correspondent of the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* said there had been a favourable reaction among the Soviet people, 'at least so far as concerns the tone in which the American President talked of American-Soviet relations and the way he seemed to consider the opening of negotiations soon on the German problem to have been decided'. The President's assurance that he was opposed to handing over nuclear weapons to Western Germany was generally noted in eastern Europe, and a Warsaw home service commentator said it deserved respect.

Tass, the official Soviet news agency, giving an account of the interview, said the President had 'advanced no new ideas or proposals' on Germany and Berlin and had 'replied evasively' to questions about a possible U.S.-Soviet peace pact and normalization of trade. The East German Deutschlandsender took a similar line, but said President Kennedy had 'recognized the need for peaceful coexistence between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.'. *Izvestia's* correspondent in New York, summing up the reaction there for the Moscow radio home audience, said the general verdict of the American public had been that publication of the interview was 'a positive factor'. But he added that U.S. newspapers and agencies were trying to 'put the interview on the cold war plane', by making the most of Mr. Kennedy's 'allegations' that the Soviet desire to communize the world was the cause of international tension.

The American press in general welcomed the interview, though the *Chicago Tribune* had one criticism, that Mr. Kennedy had not been precise enough about American interest in Berlin. It was afraid that, 'if the Russians get what they want, Berlin will die, at least as a city of any consequence'. That would end all hope of a reunited Germany and of the eventual liberation of central and eastern Europe, and it would also 'deprive West Germany of its principal reason for remaining in the Nato alliance'.

In France *Le Monde* said the message of the interview was something the Russian masses could read and re-read:

Mr. Kennedy recalls discreetly but clearly that the Yalta agreements have been broken, that the Soviet Union maintains its hold on Eastern Europe against the wish of its peoples and that it prepared a resumption of nuclear tests while negotiating at Geneva.

Commenting on the resumed talks to ban nuclear tests, Moscow radio accused the Western Powers of a 'negative attitude' in rejecting the Russian plan.

The Soviet proposal that no tests be carried out so long as negotiations are going on at Geneva is dictated by the wish to create conditions which will contribute to their success . . . the Soviet Union is prepared to accept the obligation not to carry out any tests during the negotiations although this involves a considerable risk.

The *People's Daily* and other Chinese Communist newspapers carried a long editorial on the anniversary of last year's Moscow Statement, with its emphasis on the unity of international communism. The editorial—which took twenty-six minutes to read in the Peking home service—was plainly aimed at Mr. Khrushchev. It said that events in the past year had shown still more that 'revisionism remains the main danger in the international communist movement'. It was not 'an accidental phenomenon' and 'all kinds of revisionists appear in course of time'. 'Surrender to imperialist pressure' was its external source. Each communist country, the editorial pointed out, 'is independent and stands on an equal footing'. It ended by calling for 'a resolute and tireless struggle against imperialism and the reactionary forces as well as their agents, the modern revisionists'.

STANLEY MAYES

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

Did You Hear That?

HOW THE MERCHANT VENTURERS BEGAN

'THE SOCIETY of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, which has recently celebrated the anniversary of its Charter Day, made Bristol famous throughout the world 400 years ago', said TOM SALMON, B.B.C. West Regional reporter, in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'If there had been a Monopolies Commission in the sixteenth century, the chances are that the society would never have come into existence, because it was precisely to set up a monopoly—a monopoly in Bristol's overseas trade—that the society was formed. In the year 1552 the merchants of Bristol addressed a rather tearful petition to the King, and in it they pointed out that in Bristol a number of people with no real knowledge of trade were meddling in commerce, and they sought to persuade His Majesty that it would be for the general good of all if this sort of thing was stopped.

'They must have argued to good effect, because written into their first charter was a clause expressly forbidding anyone who was not a member of the society to engage in any way at all in overseas trade into and out of Bristol; and the first Merchant Venturers sat back with a big, fat monopoly which rested not only on municipal authority but also on royal concurrence. And what Edward VI agreed to in 1552, Elizabeth I confirmed in 1566, and anyone foolish enough to disregard the royal command did so knowing that if he were found out his cargoes would be forfeit.

'This, then, was how the Merchant Venturers began; but the monopoly did not last long, for less than twenty years, in fact. Then the society developed along different lines, men looking from the small, tidy harbour of Bristol to horizons that had never been crossed. From Bristol the society's ships sailed west to the humid plantations of Virginia and the cold of the Hudson River; little ships of seventy tons and less, searching for the north-west passage to China and the east, and heavily armed ships searching out the pirates who preyed on the lonely new trade routes.

'In Bristol itself the society turned to philanthropy and education. It is mainly owing to them that the Bristol people of today enjoy the wide sweep of open countryside which runs down to the majesty of the Avon Gorge, and it was the members of the Merchant Venturers who established the first trade school in England, a school which blossomed into the first technical college in the country.

'Today the Merchant Venturers—and there are only about sixty of them—have their headquarters in a lovely old house overlooking Clifton Down, a house which is a treasure store of a glorious past: coruscating chandeliers, Chippendale chairs, the old charters carefully preserved, a green velvet saddle-cloth used by Queen Elizabeth I when she rode into Bristol, and certificates of honorary

membership that read like a roll-call of history: The Earl of Chatham, William Pitt the Younger, the Duke of Wellington, Haig and Roberts, Collingwood and Rodney, the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Winston Churchill.

'It was just after the war that Sir Winston became a member, and he was told how the society's old headquarters in the city had been gutted by German bombs, and of how the massive coat



Merchants' House, Clifton Down, Bristol: home of the Society of Merchant Venturers—

of arms which hung over its door had been shattered. The pieces, he was told, had been gathered together, and the plan was to restore them to what they had been. "Don't you do it", said Sir Winston. "You take the pieces as you find them, put them together as they are, and then we shall never forget". And today, in the banqueting hall of the society, if you look at the far wall you will see that coat-of-arms, blackened and charred by the fire of war, a piece of history as real and as moving as any of four centuries ago'.

A LONDON POLICEMAN FIFTY YEARS AGO

'I joined the Metropolitan Police in May 1910', said ALFRED E. BLACKWELL in a talk in the Home Service from the West of England. 'We were first introduced to the magic of the law, as it affects policemen, and other matters calculated to turn us into reliable public servants. We were drilled in a secluded corner of Wellington Barracks. In those days, before 1914, few young men had had any military training or even drill at school. There were, in fact, only one ex-soldier and one ex-naval man in our large company. The things that happened when one of our number was called out to drill the others! "Take a pace of thirty inches to the right with the right foot and a pace of thirty inches to the left with the left foot", was a command given by one neophyte. "Blimey", the man next to me muttered, "we're not doing the splits, are we?"

'London half a century ago was in many respects a tidier metropolis. The policeman was to be seen everywhere, and was looked upon as guide, philosopher, and friend of the public at large. He was on point duty, on short patrols, in the pit and gallery of the theatre, at museums and other public buildings. One famous banking establishment in the Strand had a constable on special duty; there was one at the Patent Office, one at Somerset House; the Record Office, Law Courts, and the Mint had their external guards; and at such places as the Tower of London selected long-service men did special duty. Traffic was regulated



—and the society's coat of arms

Photographs: Reece Winstone

by policeman and not by lights. The man on fixed point, as distinct from traffic point duty, spent much of his time answering questions on every conceivable subject. "Oh, constable, please tell me", a lady once asked me when I was on point duty at Charing Cross, "please tell me, do you think the fog is going to get any thicker?" She wanted to know whether she could get home safely if she went to the theatre that evening. I said it depended on where she lived and which theatre she was going to patronize. She told me, and I sent her off quite satisfied with my answers.

'The policeman of fifty years ago had long hours and few



A London policeman directing traffic in the early nineteen-hundreds

comforts. The greatcoats worn in winter were stiff, unyielding, and heavy. When, added to that, one had the great leathern belt supporting, for night duty, a smelly oil-burning bull's-eye lantern, the going was heavy. Then there was no authorized time for refreshment. One had to be on the beat, for night duty, from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. and take one's meal as best one might. There was generally a convenient window-sill where one could place one's tea-bottle, an enamelled affair with a methylated-spirit contraption underneath'.

FABULOUSLY GLAMOROUS

'A number of our words have been worked so hard that we are sick of the sight of them', said IVOR BROWN in 'Today' (Home Service). 'We live in a world of high-pressure sales promotion, so a heavy strain is put upon our words of praise and glorification. Hence we get what I call booster words, and one of the commonest of these is 'fabulous'. To cry up some existing thing as fabulous is really fatuous. The dictionary definition is "Mythical, legendary, unhistorical"; so if you talk about a fabulous success you are really saying that it was not a success at all. The triumph was just a pipe-dream or a bit of fancy.'

'There have been so many fabulous articles on the market that the adjective now means almost nothing. It has gone the way of glamorous. The old Scottish word, glamour, pronounced "glam-oor", was a beautiful term for magic: but when it was generally taken up and we got the adjective glamorous the magic was completely squeezed out by hard usage. Every chorus girl became a glamour girl: the most trivial entertainment became a glamorous night. So when I still see things called glamorous I think the claim is sure to be fabulous.'

'Then there is "dream", used as an adjective for splendid and sumptuous. Dream, like glamour, is a fine old noun with a drowsy charm. But it has been turned into an epithet for what the young call "smashing". It has become a booster word in salesmanship.

Housewives are offered dream houses with dream kitchens. When tired out they are offered dream holidays in dream surroundings. Surely the adjective dream could be given a rest and put to sleep; so too might glamorous and fabulous'.

FIGHTING FOR FREE TIME

'I don't know if you're in favour of these separate holidays for married couples', said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Perspective' (B.B.C. Television Service). 'The nearest I ever got to it was on the Norfolk Broads: my wife was pushing the boat off while I tried to start the engine, and it suddenly started and rammed me into the opposite bank. She had to run a mile down her bank to the nearest bridge, and a mile back on my side, and by then I had crossed over and got the mast caught in a tree on the first side. So we had this separate holiday for about two hours, and the funny thing was that we really wanted to be together all the time.'

'But holidays apart, if you work under pressure from the clock and the calendar—and the people who do this are chiefly writers and painters and other arty types commonly regarded as irresponsible layabouts—what you are fighting for isn't free time for leisure but free time for work. What I constantly pray for is that my family will go out for the day and enjoy themselves, and not have to keep bothering me all the time with food and drink and inquiries about which shirt I'd like them to iron, and have I forgotten it's my sister's birthday on Tuesday, and has anyone seen the airgun pellets? It isn't easy to get any writing done under these conditions.'

'On the other hand, if they do go out for the day, what happens? I write half of page one, and two electricians turn up to rewire the outside light and have to be shown the fuse-box and lent a ladder; they sing at their work, under my window. When they've gone a man comes to measure the landing for lino; he whistles at his work, outside my door. Then my wife's best friend rings up with a message about pot-plants. My son's best friend rings up to ask if he can borrow the guitar, and if he comes round will I tune it for him. And I've still written half a page . . . and a features editor rings up to ask how the piece is coming along, old boy . . .'

'Last time my family went out for the day I had such a good bag that I made a few notes: one laundryman, with a bill for 17s. 9½d. and no change; one grocer's man, and would I empty the carton and let him have it back; one vicar, two coalmen, a pretty girl collecting for sick horses—I suppose I needn't really have spent ten minutes on her — one meter-reader, one Jehovah's Witness, two nuns, the jobbing gardener asking what jobs, and a man from the council to say that they wanted to carry the main drainage through my front lawn. At six o'clock I had finished page one and torn it up and gone down to watch Yogi Bear with a whisky and soda. I need hardly say that the family came back two hours early and caught me at it.'

"I thought you were going to work", they said. And I said "So did I".



The Defence of Automatism

RUPERT CROSS on a serious problem for lawyers

I DON'T remember anything about it'; 'I had a black-out'; 'I must have been unconscious when I did it'. It would be an exaggeration to say that pleas of this nature are raised every day in our criminal courts, but they are certainly much more common than used to be the case. Statements by the accused to the effect that he had a black-out are an indication that the defence to be raised is that which has come to be known as 'automatism'. An act may be said to have been done in a state of automatism when it was performed by the muscles without any control by the mind. Examples are a spasm, a reflex action, or a convulsion. Acts are also said to have been done in a state of automatism if done by someone who was not conscious of what he was doing because, for example, he was suffering from concussion or walking in his sleep.

No Conscious Deliberation

Everybody would agree that a person ought not to be held criminally liable for acts done in these conditions, and the courts have recognized that an epileptic who strikes another person during a fit is not guilty of a criminal assault; that a man who kills a woman in his sleep is guilty of neither murder nor manslaughter; and that a driver who has a stroke at the wheel of his car is not guilty of dangerous driving. The reason why the accused must be exempt from criminal liability in these cases is obvious enough. People ought to be blamed only for conduct which is in some sense the outcome of conscious deliberation on their part, and there can be no question of conscious deliberation in the situations which I have just mentioned.

Nevertheless, the defence of automatism raises some serious problems for the lawyer. In the first place, it is a defence that must often be faked. An Australian judge has spoken of a black-out as 'the first refuge of a guilty conscience', and, in these days of popular psychology, juries may be too prone to believe the accused's evidence concerning the state of total darkness by which he was overcome, more especially if he had previously shown signs of abnormality or mental instability. A second problem concerning the defence of automatism is raised by the courts' inability to detain the accused, or to discharge him on terms, if the plea is successful. The verdict must be one of 'not guilty', and the accused must be discharged, although there may be a serious risk of a recurrence of the conduct which brought him before the court. In this respect there is an important difference between a plea of automatism and a plea of insanity. If a plea of insanity is successful, the verdict must be 'guilty of the act charged but so insane as not to be responsible according to law at the time when the act was done', or, as it is usually put, 'guilty but insane', and the consequence of such a verdict is detention in Broadmoor at the Queen's pleasure.

Insanity as a Plea

Pleas of insanity are governed by the M'Naghten rules according to which the accused must satisfy the jury that, when he did the act charged, he was suffering from such a defect of reason due to disease of the mind that he did not know what he was doing or, if he did know what he was doing, that he did not know that it was wrong. A plea of automatism and a plea of insanity may each amount to an allegation that the accused did not know what he was doing at the material time; but there is the important difference that a verdict of 'guilty but insane' can only be returned if the jury concludes that the accused was suffering from a disease of the mind, while a plea of automatism may well be successful in circumstances in which no one would say that the accused was suffering from such a disease or when opinions might well differ on the point.

The 1955 case of *R. v. Charlson*¹ will serve as a useful approach to the manner in which the courts have dealt with the problems

raised by the defence of automatism. Charlson was charged with causing grievous bodily harm to his ten-year-old son. He had invited the little boy to look at a rat swimming in the river which flowed by his house when he suddenly hit the child over the head with a mallet and threw him out of the window. Charlson was a devoted father, there had been no provocation or other motive for the offence, and all he could say on being interviewed by the police was that he remembered doing something dreadful to his son. There was some evidence of bad mental health in his family, and the prison doctor said that, though Charlson was not suffering from a disease of the mind and was sane, he might be suffering from a cerebral tumour which could be the cause of impulsive acts of violence over which the patient would have no control. The defence pleaded automatism but not insanity. After saying that only the accused, and not the judge or prosecutor, can raise the question of insanity, the judge told the jury that they could not convict Charlson unless they were satisfied that he knew what he was doing at the material time. A verdict of 'not guilty' was returned and Charlson discharged. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the plea of automatism in this case, but notwithstanding the blameless character of his conduct, many people would feel more at ease if, in these circumstances, the courts could require the accused to be detained pending a further investigation of the existence of such possible maladies as a cerebral tumour.

Facts of a Recent Case

R. v. Charlson is of especial interest because, when attempting to solve the problems raised by the defence of automatism, judges in later cases have taken different views with regard to certain points implicit in the decision. These points were considered in the recent case of *Bratty v. The Attorney-General for Northern Ireland*² and it will be convenient to mention the facts of that case before discussing each point separately.

Bratty was charged with the murder of a girl of eighteen. The evidence suggested that he made some sort of advance which was resisted and that he then attacked the girl, breaking a small bone in her neck, after which he strangled her with one of her stockings. Bratty told the police he had a terrible feeling when he was with the girl and that a sort of blackness came over him.

At the trial the killing was not disputed. Evidence was called to show that Bratty may have been suffering from an attack of psychomotor epilepsy, and counsel for the defence asked for an acquittal on the ground of automatism or alternatively a verdict of insanity, but he did not say that, if they considered the M'Naghten rules to be inapplicable, it was open to them to return a verdict of 'not guilty' on the ground of automatism. Bratty was convicted and he unsuccessfully appealed to the Northern Irish Court of Criminal Appeal. He then appealed to the House of Lords where his conviction for murder was again affirmed.

The House took the view that psychomotor epilepsy had been rightly regarded as a disease of the mind and that, where the only cause alleged for an unconscious or involuntary act is a disease of the mind, the case must be decided according to the M'Naghten rules. The jury had been properly directed on the question of insanity, and they had rejected Bratty's contention that he came within the M'Naghten rules. It would have been wrong for the judge to have told the jury to acquit if, while rejecting Bratty's claim that he had been unaware of what he was doing on account of psychomotor epilepsy, they yet thought that he might not have known what he was doing on account of some other cause for the simple reason that there was insufficient evidence of such other cause. One way of stating the effect of the decision would be to say that it distinguishes between two types of automatism, that caused by disease of the mind, in which case the plea must be treated as one of insanity leading to a verdict of 'guilty but insane' in the event of success, and automatism due to

¹(1955) 1 All E.R. 859.

²(1961) 3 All E.R. 523.

some other cause which will entitle the accused to an absolute acquittal if the plea succeeds.

The importance of *Bratty's case* from the point of view of the English courts is in no way diminished by the fact that the appeal came from Northern Ireland, for the law of the two countries is the same so far as the defences of insanity and automatism are concerned. There is a difference with regard to the punishment for murder, because in Northern Ireland murder by strangulation is still a capital offence while it has been punishable with imprisonment for life in England ever since the Homicide Act of 1957 came into force. So *Bratty* was sentenced to death, although he was subsequently reprieved. I am mainly concerned with the relation between the defences of automatism and insanity, and *Bratty's case* is of especial importance because the plea of automatism was for the first time considered by the House of Lords. All the earlier cases on the subject were decided by lower courts, and anything said in the House of Lords is likely to have a considerable influence on the development of the law even if it was not strictly necessary for the decision of the point before the House. So it is of much interest to consider the points implicit in the decision of *R. v. Charlson* with regard to which judges in later cases have taken different views and concerning which weighty pronouncements have now been made in *Bratty's case*.

The Prosecution's Burden of Proof

The first of these points concerns the burden of proof. According to *R. v. Charlson*, this is borne by the prosecution in the case of automatism with the result that the accused must be acquitted if the jury are not satisfied beyond reasonable doubt that he knew what he was doing at the material time. This contrasts most strikingly with the position when insanity is pleaded, as it is then necessary for the accused to satisfy the jury that it is more probable than not that his conduct came within the M'Naghten rules. There is an obvious analogy between a plea of insanity in which the accused says that he did not know what he was doing owing to a disease of the mind, and a plea of automatism such as that raised in *Charlson's case* where the accused says that he did not know what he was doing owing to some such other cause as a cerebral tumour. So it is hardly surprising that, in 1957, the then Lord Chief Justice should have stressed the analogy between the pleas of automatism and insanity as a ground for holding that the burden of proving automatism is borne by the accused. This has the merit of guarding against fraudulent pleas of automatism because it is far harder for someone with a faked defence to prove it on the balance of probabilities than for such a person merely to raise a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury.

Generally speaking, however, a person who relies on any defence other than insanity need do no more than raise a reasonable doubt. The M'Naghten rules were laid down as long ago as 1843, and the fact that the burden of proving insanity is borne by the accused has come to be regarded as anomalous. The general rule that the prosecution bears the burden of proof was described by Lord Sankey in 1935 as the one 'golden thread' always to be seen 'throughout the web of the English Criminal law'. So far as the burden of proof of automatism is concerned there is thus a conflict between a powerful analogy and the golden thread of our criminal law. The powerful analogy places the burden on the accused, while the golden thread places it on the prosecution.

This conflict has now been settled by the House of Lords in *Bratty's case*. While recognizing that the burden of proving insanity is borne by the accused, all the Lords of Appeal said that, when the issue concerns automatism which is not alleged to have been due to insanity, the burden lies not on the accused to prove there was such automatism but on the prosecution to disprove it.

Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that the Lords of Appeal were unaware of the problem presented by the possibility of a faked defence of automatism. They insisted that, before the judge can tell the jury to consider whether the accused was acting consciously, there must be reliable evidence that he may have been in a state of automatism. Bare assertions such as *Bratty's* statement that he felt a sort of blackness come over him will not suffice. Generally speaking, it is medical evidence that is required, and, if the courts always insist that a really substantial foundation is necessary for a plea of automatism, the danger that a faked plea may succeed is fairly remote. The jury will not even be allowed

to consider the question unless there is strong evidence in favour of the accused's contention. All the same, it cannot be denied that there is an anomaly with regard to the burden of proof in these cases, for there is no obvious reason why the law should make it more difficult for the accused to establish automatism due to a disease of the mind than automatism due to some such other cause as a blow on the head. The anomaly is due to the fact that the M'Naghten rules place the burden of proving insanity on the accused, and this is one of the many respects in which those rules need to be amended.

Defining a 'Disease of the Mind'

Two further matters on which judges in later cases have taken a different view from that implicit in *R. v. Charlson* are, first, the existence of a fixed rule that it is only the accused who can raise the issue of his sanity, and, second, the definition of a 'disease of the mind' as a disease which can, in some sense, be described as a 'mental illness'. The judge in *Charlson's case* expressly referred to the rule that insanity must be pleaded by the accused before the jury can even consider whether to return a verdict of 'guilty but insane', and there is at least a suggestion in *R. v. Charlson* that the fact that someone is liable to perform impulsive acts of violence on account of a cerebral tumour does not mean that he is suffering from a disease of the mind within the meaning of the M'Naghten rules. All this tends to prevent the jury from returning a verdict of 'guilty but insane' in cases in which their doing so would at least have the merit of causing the detention of someone who, though blameless, is socially dangerous because he may repeat the act which he is found to have done in a state of automatism.

Considerations of this nature led the judge in *R. v. Kemp*³, decided two years after *R. v. Charlson*, to hold that he had power to direct the jury to consider whether the accused was insane within the meaning of the M'Naghten rules where automatism, but not insanity, was pleaded. *Kemp* had struck his wife with a hammer. There was evidence that he was suffering from arteriosclerosis, which might have affected the flow of blood to his brain and thus rendered him liable to perform acts of violence while unconscious. In addition to directing the jury to consider the issue of the accused's sanity although it was not raised by *Kemp*, the judge said that the effects of arteriosclerosis amounted to a disease of the mind within the meaning of the M'Naghten rules, and a verdict of 'guilty but insane' was returned.

Lord Denning was the only Lord of Appeal in *Bratty's case* who contrasted the merits of *R. v. Kemp* with those of *R. v. Charlson*, and he supported *Kemp's case*. Lord Denning said that, when it is asserted that an involuntary act was done in a state of automatism, the defence necessarily puts in issue the state of mind of the accused, and it becomes the duty of the prosecution to ask for a verdict of 'guilty but insane' rather than allow a dangerous person to be at large. Lord Denning also included among diseases of the mind not merely psychoses like schizophrenia, but other diseases such as epilepsy and cerebral tumour. These views represent the opinion of a single Lord of Appeal on a matter to which the others made no reference. Accordingly it is difficult to say exactly how far they will be followed. Should they come to be fully accepted, the problem of the successful plea of automatism will have been solved to a large extent, and solved in a very drastic way; for, in many cases in which it is very doubtful whether the doctors would say that the accused, though in a state of automatism, was insane at the material time, he will be found 'guilty but insane' and sent to indefinite detention in Broadmoor.

Are the Courts' Powers Adequate?

The division drawn in *Bratty's case* between pleas of automatism due to disease of the mind and pleas of automatism due to other causes raises the question of the adequacy of the courts' powers in the event of pleas of either type being successful. Is it really right that someone who has committed what could otherwise be a crime in a state of automatism, due to epilepsy, arteriosclerosis, or cerebral tumour should be found 'guilty but insane' and sent to Broadmoor? Ought it not to be possible for the courts to deal with such people in a less drastic way by ordering

treatment in a hospital, or by discharging the accused on condition that he attends a clinic? Detention in Broadmoor is such an extreme remedy that it is difficult to believe that any prosecutor would press for a verdict of 'guilty but insane' in anything but an extreme case. Is it right that whenever there is a verdict of 'not guilty' on account of automatism due to some cause other than a disease of the mind the accused should inevitably go free?

Let it be granted that he is not a criminal and does not suffer from any such form of mental illness as would authorize detention

under the Mental Health Act, he may yet be a social danger. Suppose, for example, that drink had played its part in producing a state of automatism, or that the accused has done some dangerous act while asleep, might it not be desirable to require treatment with or without some form of deprivation of liberty? A very strong case would be required to justify such a course when the law has said that the accused is neither guilty nor insane, but the possibility of adding to the courts' powers in these cases is at least worth considering.—*Third Programme*

Crisp and Sparkling

C. FLEETWOOD-WALKER considers the influence of photography on architecture

YOU may, perhaps, have seen the groups of new terraced houses and flats which are being built in the gardens of demolished Victorian houses, these days, in many of the larger towns. The sort I mean are built in pale brick; their flat roofs have broad white edges, and their window frames are painted white; and—perhaps happily—their owners or tenants seem to have a liking for filmy, white net curtains. The way these carefully landscaped groups look is often described by architectural critics as ‘crisp’ or ‘sparkling’. These descriptions do not mean that they remind the critics of celery, or chandeliers; what they really mean is that the design relies on the device of maximum contrast—the contrast, for example, of richly textured dark surfaces and brilliant white edgings, set against the palest available brick backing. When the sun shines this pale brickwork catches the immensely photogenic shadows of leaves and trees.

The textured darks are made of almost black roof-tiles, and these are placed in horizontal bands under the windows; sometimes the designer uses pierced concrete grilles, also very dark toned, to reinforce the rich effect. A variation of the style uses dark brown, or slaty-blue brickwork; this is contrasted with rather heavy white roof edges and window frames.

It was, I think, Eric Lyons who, in his various 'Span' projects in London, first tried this kind of contrast for houses; but there are now many other examples. In my own town, Birmingham, for instance, there are the houses that John Madin has designed for the Vista Company. It is exactly this device of emphatic contrast which is so often used by architectural photographers for almost every kind of building; and skilful black-and-white photographs of this type are the meat and drink of the glossy architectural magazines. To get the contrast which gives this sort of picture, the camera needs bright sunlight; of course, bright sunlight is not what you might call plentiful in England. But the cameraman has to have it if he is to sell his pictures to the art editor. So, by carefully stalking his quarry until he can shoot it under the occasional sunbeam, the master photographer has brought crisp, clean photography to the status of a fine art.



The *Architectural Review* is filled with photographs of this kind, and when one glances through its crisp, sparkling pages, it is not difficult to see that the master photographers have reached a point where the actual building is not really important: it is merely a source of photographic raw material. Eric de Maré, who is in fact one of the best architectural photographers in this country, defends this situation in his new book *Photography and Architecture**. He defends it on the grounds that the photographer is a

creator in his own right—and is perfectly justified in making a dull building look exciting, if he can in this way communicate an artistic experience. This would be a reasonable assumption if architectural magazine photography was a more or less isolated art, but this is not so. Factual presentation is required, and the photographer in this case should regard himself as a reporter—not as a romancer.

Naturally, it is not only houses and terraces which have been influenced by this clever photography; other kinds of building have gone the same way—factories, hotels, hospitals, for instance. But let the bigger buildings look after themselves; they are mostly new types of structure, with a new kind of scale; and they are not designed with any colour-precedent in mind. It is the small, easily recognized groups of domestic-scale buildings which I am discussing here; because in the past these buildings have depended almost entirely on colour-relationships, not on stark contrast. And the more one looks at these new groups of houses, the more one feels certain that either they have been designed to be photographed, or their designers have been charmed away from nature by black-and-white photography.

This is strange, because nowadays coloured photographs are very often used by popular furnishing magazines like *House and Garden*—which can presumably afford colour-printing because it has a large circulation. But the professional press in this country is still printed mostly in black and white; so, in a world which is multi-coloured down to its socks, its influence remains achromatic. It is true that *The Architectural Review* does use an occasional colour print; but often these isolated coloured photographs look less trustworthy than the clear black-and-white statements on the previous pages. I do not think I can put it better than Mr. de Maré, who writes: 'An undistinguished structure, situated in some grim desert of cultural sterility and seen mostly below the grey skies of this watery island, can be made to appear in a photograph like a masterpiece in a dream-world where the sun is always blazing, the skies are of the deepest Mediterranean blue, the trees are eternally in leaf, the chiaroscuro pure drama—a world where the paintwork is always gleaming, the snow-white stucco never cracks, and all materials possess a richness of texture to be directly experienced, possibly, only under the influence of mescaline'. So it is quite possible that standing in the old gardens, surrounded by beautiful trees, one may often be seeing not so much a terrace of houses as a piece of solid photography.

One of the reasons for suspecting that much of this achromatic building is the result of photographic influence is the absence of 'uncoloured' building in the past. There are, of course, half-timbered buildings, painted black and white; but these usually have red roofs, and often the in-filling between the timbers is made of warm-coloured brick. And houses faced with stucco are rarely monochromatic: columns and pilasters, cornices and doors were, and are, often picked out in different colours. It may be argued that weathered stone and faded paint in these old buildings do, in fact, form 'photographic' greys. But they do not—they make subtly *coloured* greys—and it is just these mellowed colours which look so lovely in both northern and Mediterranean climates; rich and clear under bright skies and sun; soft and mysterious under our own more opalescent light.

Bricks, tiles, slates, and stone always formed the main background of these natural groups of coloured buildings. They took their colours from clay and rocks, and were complemented by various coloured metals and paints. Nowadays, they can be coloured with almost any pigment you like; synthetic materials are available in every colour under the sun; and paint comes in a fantastic number of ranges.

Doesn't it seem, then, that to stick to near-blacks, whites, and greys, with all these coloured finishes on the market, must require either a very strong mind, or an extraordinary timidity, or a powerful influence such as the one I have been discussing? It really does seem that the professional 'glossies' may be responsible for this extraordinary change of style; simply because most architects get their technical and visual information through such journals.

Conditioned to Contrast

Unfortunately it is not possible actually to go and see all the buildings one sees illustrated—let alone the ones which fall under the art editor's photogenic ban. So we architects have gradually become conditioned to a diet of almost pure crispness and contrast. The camera-lens is our eye; and the cameraman is replacing nature as a source of inspiration. Photographers may well feel proud of this achievement; because in the past—indeed, up to the present day—it is the painter who has moulded the vision of the architect. There has generally been a time-lag in this process, because painters work in two dimensions with simple materials; whereas architects, who work with many materials and techniques, need time to invent ways of making the painter's vision work properly in the round. For example, there is the influence of Mondrian's pictures, with their black geometrical frameworks and occasional rectangles of bright colour. They were painted as long ago as the nineteen-twenties, but advancing techniques have only recently made it possible to realize his ideas fully in buildings; buildings, for instance, like Bousfield primary school, in Kensington, by the architects Chamberlin, Powell, and Bon. Incidentally, this same twenty- to thirty-year time-lag between painting and architecture also existed in earlier centuries.

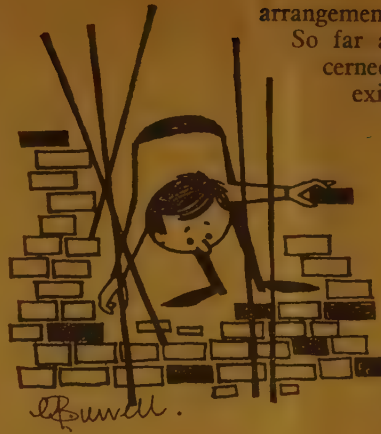
Among present-day artists, Victor Pasmore uses a different formula from Mondrian's; many of his more recent works are geometrical reliefs, and so they are more akin to ideas already adopted by architects—especially when he composes with little strips and blocks which contrast strongly, almost photographically, with their backgrounds. His work is therefore capable of being translated direct into dramatic building forms; he is, in fact, co-operating with the architects of the new town at Peterlee. I have only seen photographs of these Peterlee buildings; and the illustrations give me an overwhelmingly black, white, and grey impression. It is possible to see that some unpainted timber has been used; but it is naturally not possible to see whether any colour has been applied. The situation is complicated by the fact that I think Pasmore himself has been affected by the photographers. This seems to bring us full circle.

You might say that because Mondrian and Pasmore paint geometrical abstracts, their relevance to modern architecture is not difficult to see—but the Cubist painters of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries influenced the architecture of the nineteen-twenties in just the same way; and, earlier still, the invented buildings of Masaccio and Raphael sometimes anticipated by several decades the real architecture they inspired.

'Contrasty Actualities'

But, sadly enough, as architecture becomes more and more absorbed with its own specialized values and techniques, it becomes less and less concerned with the fine arts. Many architects prefer to look at magazine photographs rather than to make the effort to understand paintings. Paintings do not seem so relevant as the 'contrasty actualities' of the photographer. Of course, there are many richly coloured buildings which also make good photographs. But the influence of a rich, dark-blue wall with pale cream window-surrounds is inevitably translated by the photographer into black tar and whitewash.

I once saw one of my own designs illustrated in black-and-white. It was a small infants' school, and I remember that on the photograph I was much struck by a carefully composed



arrangement of black and grey rectangles.

So far as the real building was concerned, this composition did not exist: the colours and shapes as seen on the site gave a completely different rhythm and meaning from the impression given by the photograph.

So, caught in the photographers' achromatic web, architects rush goon-like around the brickyards looking for black bricks in imitation of photographs of brown ones: and they want steelwork and timber painted in black or sombre colours, which, if only they knew it, has been photographically translated from the original reds or blues of less monochromatic minds.

The so-called functional tradition of warning marks and signs is naturally a tempting subject for the photographer looking for contrast; and whenever a customs barrier is functionally decorated with red-and-white stripes, or the back of an industrial locomotive is painted yellow and black, out spring the cameramen from their deep-shadowed nooks and crannies, to capture the crisp, exciting scene, under the brief sparkle of sunlight for which they have probably waited for weeks. But it is all passed on as colourless contrast; and pink walls do not exist. Perhaps the biggest objection to this austere photo-beauty is that in real life, using solid materials, it is impossible to maintain the crisp, 'contrasty' illusion, as designed, for very long. And the danger is that the widespread influence of the camera may distort or succeed the influence of the successful colourists—of whom there have always been too few—so that our promising young designers may be led into a dream-world of achromatic crispness; which only lasts (unlike the impression left by the photograph) until the newness has worn off.—*Third Programme*

Malacca Sea

Tipped scale of the old moon: night
Sugarbag blue; stars drying
To rainbows of salt, the dragnet air's
Immaterial crystallizations.

Snarled never on thorns of coral,
The billowing manta ray
Phantoms its wet blanket through
Grim netherglades' razorstrop weeds.

The smiling dugong barks and bullies
Mewing shoals that skim like showers
Of starlings bustling and scattering
The water's running and turning leaves.

A duster of birds shaking
Feathers out of the sun's window,
Lacing the godown bays
With white, colour of creation.

Tides dragon the netted waves
For swallows swimming, dolphins diving,
Ravishing cockerel clouds
With rosy leprosies of light.

The tropic dawn's gunshot wedding
Is on the rocks, and the foam of night
Ripped by the sandblasting waves,
The thrown rice of stars already drowned.

JAMES KIRKUP

The Plain Man—IV

The 'Lay Spirit' in Literature

By J. P. STERN

IN a world of high specialization a writer is an expert who deals with certain human problems in a certain distinct and characteristic way. This manner of his we call his style.

His beliefs are involved in his creation in such a way that the consistency of his beliefs is not necessarily greater, but also not smaller, than the consistency of his style and form. He is not more committed to a certain kind of orthodoxy, religious or ideological, than he is to a certain set of literary technicalities or 'tricks of the trade'—not more but also not less. And the two commitments are similar in kind. It is the ironical glory as well as the peculiar predicament of the literary artist (and not of the literary artist only, but I shall confine myself to literature) that to him the rules of composition—say, the rules of the genre he practises—are much like the rules governing human relations and moral conduct outside literature. In other words, the rules of composition are a kind of direct translation of social and moral rules into the language of literature, a tracing out on paper of the contours of social and personal actions. Once they are set down on paper, these contours become distinct from the acts of the world outside; in its relation to that world his artifact is both peculiarly insubstantial and splendidly irrevocable and permanent.

An Illumination of Living

Art—literature in particular—is not a precept for living but an illumination of living, and it has a freedom and a set of obligations all its own. Its technicality, its formal considerations, are bound to strike the general reader as trivial when he weighs them against the concerns of his own social, personal, or political experience. This is as it should be; but in themselves and in the tasks they impose upon the artist, these formal considerations are the opposite of trivial—they are every bit as serious as the rules that obtain in what Mr. Forster once called 'the world of anger and telegrams'.

Yet this metamorphosis of belief or orthodoxy into form brings with it a peculiar problem, because literary men—especially of the last century and more—are remarkably prone to exchange one kind of expertise or orthodoxy for another. The first and most obvious reason for this is that writers are more imaginative than ordinary people—and thus more liable to come to the end of all the implications of one point of view. But there is another reason for their apparent fickleness. Creating self-contained works of art, they impose their rules—the far from arbitrary rules of their expertise—upon material that is less recalcitrant to their action than is the fabric of life in a more or less ordered community. What the artist is committed to is, after all, the spirit of restless inquiry and illumination, the *esprit laïc*; in dosshouse, garden city, and suburbia alike he makes for a strange bedfellow. It is no accident that places like Greenwich Village or Montmartre are not famous for their political wisdom. But then, we should realize that the influence of literary explorations upon the body politic is anything but a straightforward business of causes and effects. Or rather, that it should not be. For there is undoubtedly a way of taking the work of art seriously—there is a peculiar literal-mindedness—which is disastrous to the life of a community and also to literature itself. An example of the misplaced seriousness I have in mind is the vast German ideology in the wake of the Romantic, mythopoeic tradition of 'das Volk', a political ideology which is to an astonishing extent literary and poetic in origin.

Yet if I say that where the literary illumination is taken for a political precept the results are likely to be catastrophic, I do not mean to imply that the personal venture of the artist is not a serious matter. It is the most serious thing he is capable of at a certain period in his creative life. In the life of a whole com-

munity, on the other hand, such an essentially individual venture cannot be more than one among several factors affecting social and political changes.

Fickleness in Tolstoy

Let us take Tolstoy as an obvious example of this apparent fickleness of the artist. His work abounds with ideological fixations of many kinds, several of them contradictory. There is a profound social and reformatory concern at one time, a nationalistic or patriotic bias, coupled with a precise understanding of the Russian Westerner's mentality. There is, at another time in Tolstoy's life, a strong preoccupation with biblical morality, Old Testament and Christian; now a belief in the redeeming power of art, now again an ascetic repudiation of art—of all art—as an immoral and anti-social practice. In brief, there are few nineteenth-century hobby-horses he did not ride at one time or another; and when, a hundred years ago, he was finishing *Anna Karenina*, one of the most moral tales of modern literature, he was at that very time chasing servant girls at the bottom of his garden in Yasnaya Polyana.

Perhaps he is as exceptional in the variety of his beliefs and convictions as he is in the intensity of the literary presentation of these convictions. Yet the phenomenon itself is not exceptional. Take a writer at the other end of the scale, Graham Greene, whose Catholicism is a commonplace of literary opinion. Most American critics—exponents of the liberal point of view—took offence at Mr. Greene's *The Quiet American*, regarding it as a biased and distorted attack on the American point of view in world affairs. Yet they of all people might have been expected to see what Mr. Greene is doing in that book—to see that he is in fact exploring a particular orthodoxy for the sake of a general illumination. For this purpose, whatever his personal opinion, he is committed not to an advocacy, not to a bias, but to an act of imaginative identification with an ideology which is, in that context and for that purpose, as it were his own. To deny him this right of a particular self-identification, or, again, to deny him the right to explore, with deep sympathy, the torment of Scobie, the lapsed Catholic of *The Heart of the Matter*, is to ask him to abdicate the use of one of his most fully developed faculties and talents.

Bertolt Brecht's 'Mother Courage'

This is precisely the conflict that Bertolt Brecht felt when, again and again, he found that one of the characters of his plays, for instance Mother Courage, assumed a life of its own and led him to a point, a scene, a conclusion, which is at odds with Communist Party doctrine as he understood it. Mother Courage is presented as a capitalist exploiter, a hyena on the battlefield of the Thirty Years' War. Yet we cannot help feeling a deep sympathy for her, which invalidates the propagandist injunction inherent in her character; and just as we cannot help feeling sympathy in spite of the overt intentions, so the author cannot really do much to change the character of his heroine—the changes Brecht made after the first performance in Zürich have little or no effect on the play as a whole. It is not that Brecht never felt the conflict between party doctrine and another point of view; but for the sake of party loyalty he denied himself this source of conflict as a major dramatic theme, fudging it up—as in the last scene of *Galileo*, re-written after Hiroshima—so that the result is incongruity, inconsequentiality, an impossible ending.

Why? Why is such an attempt to modify one point of view, one vision, or one ideology, by outside considerations, doomed to artistic failure? Why, in other words, do we feel the delight of illumination and new knowledge issuing from a perfect form, and fail to experience it when we sense incongruity and imperfect form? Why does the form matter? The answer lies in the question

itself. What the literary work vouchsafes to us is, after all, a new knowledge, a new understanding, different from the knowledge that daily experience yields, different too from the knowledge that science gives, yet a new illumination of the world of men all the same. And we must take it that in art, as everywhere else, incoherence and lack of consequence are the ultimate enemies of knowledge. The lay spirit of literature is its capacity to yield coherent knowledge from ideologies, orthodoxies, and points of view whose number is limited only by the human condition itself, and to do this most powerfully where they are in conflict with each other.

Am I then saying, in effect, that an author is a sort of ideological chameleon, changing his colour from one work to the next? I think he may well be; but the question of whether he is, or whether he remains confined to a single point of view, is secondary. What matters is the size and abundance, the quality, of that point of view, and not what we normally call his moral character as manifest in his overall consistency. When an acquaintance of ours changes his mind in some important matter, our approval or disapproval of his action will depend partly on our evaluation of the truth or otherwise of his new opinion, partly on the reasons that made him change his mind. When an artist 'changes his mind'—with visible palpable results—the reasons, expedient or otherwise, are irrelevant (and therefore, to that extent, is his moral character); the quality of the new truth is everything. But to say this is of course to take the empirical person of the artist—'the man who suffers', as Mr. Eliot says—infinitely less seriously than he is nowadays taken. For if what matters is the illumination of a sustained and coherent point of view, then the author's unsustained, ordinary opinion is no more valid, no more interesting, and often less so, than any other man's. His guidance, in the sphere of politics especially, is bound to be anything but reliable: because among his gifts, his virtues as an artist, is his capacity to trim the sails of his imagination to any wind that is blowing.

Any wind? Again, I think, the criterion of coherence and the illumination that comes from *that* is sufficient to help us to decide. Let me take two extreme examples.

Committed Writers in Hitler's Germany

First, the literature of German National Socialism. For the argument I am advancing here, the failure of moral character of which many German writers were guilty under Hitler, is irrelevant. So is the argument that most of them 'didn't *really* believe in it'. I am concerned with the fact that they committed their writings to an outlook, an ideology, which we recognize, which they should have recognized, as (among other things) the very opposite of coherent and abundant, an ideology which does nothing but distort and misinform us about the real world. Moreover, they committed their work to it, not in order to give life to this or that scene or character, not in order to illuminate life by contrasting that ideology with its opposite, but they adopted it as a total and unmodified outlook. In this respect their creative failure was greater than the failure in the other politically committed camp, among the socialist realists of Soviet literature—greater, because the literature of racial superiority is that much more absurd than the literature of dialectical materialism and of the class struggle. But perhaps literary historians of a later age will not think the difference worth bothering about, and will be amused at our efforts to lean over backwards to do justice to the literary qualities in, say, Brecht's straight party pieces of the early 'thirties, or in Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone*. In one respect there is no difference: neither the National Socialist nor the Communist writer can allow a genuine conflict to arise between his orthodoxy and its opposite; yet it is of the essence of the literary man that in order to present one, he must be an expert on both points of view.

But is there not something offensively esoteric about this claim I am making for the exemption of literature from the claims of everyday life and its consistencies? I think the argument is neither esoteric nor irresponsible—what it does is simply to allocate to the writer his proper responsibility and to absolve him from responsibilities which are not properly his own at all. The display of Mr. Osborne's personal seriousness in Trafalgar Square is not a matter of primary importance, however great the issue. What is of primary importance is the failure of his *literary* seriousness in, say, his *Luther* play, where he nibbles at half-a-dozen important

issues and fails to come to the point in any one of them. The difference between a writer's asserting his personal opinion and his showing it forth in the creative work is a matter of form. It is, if you like, 'merely a matter of form'; yet this difference is neither relative nor vague. On the contrary, it is precise and fairly absolute, only it takes a generation or two, it takes the acid test of survival, to establish it in all its precision and absoluteness.

One Reader a Hundred Years Hence

When Arthur Koestler—as 'committed' an author as one may wish for—says that for a hundred contemporary readers he would gladly trade ten readers in ten years to come and one in a hundred years, he speaks from the heart of every considerable writer that ever was. And when Jean-Paul Sartre indicts Flaubert of an irresponsible attitude towards the important questions of his day, he is but earnestly sawing away at the branch on which he is sitting: there would be no Flaubert to criticize, *tant qu'il est*, and also no Flaubert to admire and draw delight from, had his concerns not been those 'aestheticist' preoccupations with 'style rather than life' which were of the essence of his preoccupation with life.

The pursuit of literature is indeed a moral affair, and the scale of values of its morality is a pretty pragmatic scale. What counts on that scale are achievements not right opinions, expression not information. It is this peculiar state of affairs Mr. Auden had in mind when he wrote, wryly enough, in his epitaph to W. B. Yeats, about the supremacy of language over all other considerations in poetry:

Time that with this strange excuse
Pardoned Kipling and his views,
And will pardon Paul Claudel,
Pardons him for writing well.

This question of morality brings me to my second example. The motto of *Anna Karenina* is taken from the Book of Proverbs: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay'. Most critics have either ignored the lead Tolstoy gives his reader or they have found themselves involved in curious apologies for what they took to be a moralizing attitude in an author whom they thought incapable of such an attitude. Yet it can be shown in great detail that Tolstoy does have a Christian and moral tale to tell, that he is magnificently exploring a conflict between two sets of values, and that he is equally adept at both. Indeed, the book is, as we are forever told by the critics, 'so much like life itself'. But this is not the 'life' of some untrammelled, incoherent naturalism; it is life as it really is, namely a highly moral affair. Tolstoy judges his heroine and her actions; but his judgment is not the same as that according to which we conduct ourselves in a personal relationship. He judges her in much the same way as a painter, looking now at the face of his sitter, now at the canvas, judges the distances and composition of his picture. The changes—to give but a single example of the sort of 'judgment' I mean—traced out from chapter to chapter, in the very beauty and composure of Anna's face are direct indications of the morality that is being enacted in the pages of the novel. The lay spirit in Tolstoy is not at all simply an 'open mind'. On the contrary, his mind is firmly closed to everything but the particular conflict—and it is a simple, unsophisticated conflict: hence the universal appeal of the book—the particular conflict between the claims of a warm and loving unappeased heart and the claims of family morality. To give equal weight to both; to fudge neither; to show the full truth in each—that is the perfection, that indeed is the beauty of Tolstoy's achievement.

Not a Modern Phenomenon?

I have suggested that this capacity of the artist to contrast one vision—or one orthodoxy, or ideology—with another is a peculiarly modern phenomenon. Yet is this really true? Do we not perhaps tend to oversimplify the attitudes of less recent writers? It is undoubtedly true that the rank multiplication of points of view—our emphasis on an intellectual freedom which is an emphasis on quantity rather than quality—is a modern phenomenon. It is, especially in contemporary literature, a sign of boredom and exhaustion rather than of vitality and imaginative strength; a confusion, here too, of means and ends. Yet, apart from such extravagances, the lay spirit itself is a perennial feature of literature, of Western literature at all events.

To us, Dante's poem appears uniquely committed to an orthodox point of view. Yet this is not the source of its primary appeal—it cannot be: not because many of its readers do not share Dante's faith but because to us in the West literary value is inseparable from illumination through conflict. There was a conflict in Dante between his passionate humanity and the teaching of his faith, and it is the translation of this conflict into poetry that makes the episode of Paolo and Francesca the poignant and beautiful thing it is. The bare orthodoxy—which finds its expression here in the terrible details of eternal damnation—would be unmitigated, poetry itself would find no foothold, had he not also

shown us what living worth—sinful indeed but a value first and before it is damned—lay in their passionate, sensual love. Dante's condemnation of that love is founded in a doctrine that judges human conduct with the force of tragic necessity. If we do not accept the doctrine (and are honest with ourselves) the condemnation must strike us as absurd and, literally, arbitrary. Conversely, the poignancy of the scene of Paolo and Francesca—its 'aesthetic effect'—is a measure of both our feeling for the loveliness of the life that is here condemned and for the authority behind the condemnation. It is no anachronism to suggest that Dante is equally committed to both.—*Third Programme*

The Sky at Night

Open Star-clusters

By PATRICK MOORE

CLUSTERS of stars have been known from ancient times, since there are several clusters which rank as prominent naked-eye objects. They are of various kinds, but for most purposes may be divided into two main classes: open (or loose) and globular.

Globular clusters are of particular importance in modern astronomy, since studies of them have provided a great deal of information about the shape and structure of the Galaxy. They form what may be termed an 'outer surround' to the main system, and all of them are very remote. About one hundred are known, but from Britain only the great globular in Hercules—Messier 13—is distinctly visible to the naked eye.

The open clusters are entirely different. There is no regularity in shape, and the concentration of stars is very much less, so that it is not always easy to tell what is a genuine cluster and what is not. The Seven Sisters, or Pleiades, are particularly notable, and are well seen in the evening skies during winter, so that it seems worth discussing them in rather more detail.



The legendary Seven Sisters of the Pleiades



The reflection nebula in the Pleiades

The cluster is easily visible without optical aid under even moderate conditions, but city-dwellers will naturally be unable to see it to advantage. When the sky is illuminated by street-lamps and brilliant shop-window lights, and when the air contains smoke, relatively faint stars are obscured, and the leading member of the Pleiades—Alcyone—is only of the third magnitude. People who live in, say, central London, will be able to do no more than see the cluster as a dim, hazy patch. Matters are very different when the sky is dark and there are no artificial illuminations nearby. The Pleiades show up conspicuously, and several individual stars may be seen without optical aid.

As an extra means of identification, Orion may be used as a direction-finder. The three stars of the Hunter's Belt point upward to Aldebaran, the orange-red star known as 'the Eye of the Bull'; extending the line and bringing it slightly downward leads us to the Pleiades. There should be no difficulty; anyone who looks to the south on a clear winter's evening will be able to pick up the cluster at a glance. It is not surprising that the Pleiades have been described in many ancient legends. To the Red Indians, for instance, they were children who loved to wander among the stars, and huddled close together when they lost their way to make sure that they would not be separated.

The nickname of 'Seven Sisters' does not necessarily mean that only seven stars of the Pleiades are visible to the naked eye. In fact there has never been any full agreement on this point, and though the matter is of no real scientific importance it could well be cleared up. In the television programme of November 22 viewers were asked to wait for a clear night and then examine the cluster, noting the number of stars clearly visible without optical aid and appending a rough sketch—together with the observer's name and address, and a word or two about the conditions under which the observation was made (particularly with

regard to the presence or absence of street-lights)*. It is hoped that the response will settle a minor problem which is, nevertheless, not without interest.

The distance of the cluster is about 400 light-years, and the full diameter is about twenty light-years. Alcyone and the other chief stars are of spectrum type B, and so are bluish-white in colour, with high surface temperatures. Photographs taken with large telescopes reveal the presence of extensive nebulosity, and in fact we have here a splendid example of a reflection nebula.

The Pleiades and Hyades

It is interesting to compare the Pleiades with the second of the Taurus clusters, the Hyades, which surrounds Aldebaran. Both are open clusters, but they are not in the least alike. The Hyades stars are individually brighter, but are more scattered, so that the overall impression is not nearly so beautiful. The best views of the Hyades are obtained either with binoculars or else with very low telescopic powers. (The Pleiades, too, are excellently seen with binoculars; with moderate telescopic powers only a part of the cluster may be seen in the field, so that the general effect is less striking.)

There is also the point that the Hyades are overpowered by the brilliant orange light of Aldebaran. Actually Aldebaran is not a member of the cluster at all, and simply happens to lie in the same direction as seen from Earth. The Hyades stars lie at a distance of about 100 light-years, but Aldebaran is only 57 light-years from us. In fact, Aldebaran lies about half-way between the cluster and ourselves.

Line-of-sight effects are often confusing, and the principle may be extended to the constellation-patterns themselves. It is wrong to suppose that the stars of any particular constellation have any true connexion with each other. Orion is a good example of what is meant. Most people can recognize its two first-magnitude stars, Betelgeux and Rigel, and the outline of the 'celestial hunter' is unmistakable. Yet Betelgeux, at 190 light-years, lies at less than half the distance of Rigel (540 light-years)—so that Rigel is further away from Betelgeux than we are. An even better example is provided by Centaurus, the Centaur, which is unfortunately too far south in the sky to be visible from Britain. The two brightest stars, Alpha and Beta Centauri, lie apparently side by side; yet Alpha is a mere 4.3 light-years away, and so is the closest of the brilliant naked-eye stars, while Beta is a highly luminous B-type giant at a distance of at least 300 light-years.

Aldebaran, then, has no connexion with the Hyades cluster, and the true Hyades may be seen extending westward in a rough V-form. One of them, θ Tauri, is a naked-eye double, and is a good test for the seeing conditions; if both components are clearly visible, the atmosphere must be at least reasonably transparent.

There is no reflection nebula in the Hyades cluster, and the stars themselves appear to be of different type. There are no very luminous B-type stars such as those of the Pleiades, and the leading members are red supergiants of later spectral type. This gives us a clue to the relative ages of the two groups.

Old Red Giants

It used to be thought that the Red Giants were young, the bluish B-type stars older, and the Red Dwarfs nearing the end of their careers. According to a theory put forward more than half a century ago by Lockyer, a star began as a large, cool red body, contracting and becoming more luminous until it reached the peak of its existence as a B-type giant and then fading away until it became a feeble Red Dwarf. Nowadays the contrary view is held. It seems that the Red Giants have used up much of their hydrogen 'fuel', and are at a relatively late stage in their evolution.

It follows, then, that in a young cluster the chief stars will not have reached the Red Giant stage; the leaders will be hot and bluish, and there will still be considerable quantities of interstellar material in the form of gas and dust. In an old cluster, very luminous B- and O-type stars will no longer exist, but Red Giants will occur; moreover there will be an absence of interstellar material. Everything indicates that the Pleiades cluster is 'young', the Hyades 'old'.

Other examples may be cited. The double cluster χ -h Persei (H.VI. 33-34), clearly visible to the naked eye in the general region of Cassiopeia, contains many O-type stars which are using up their hydrogen at a prodigious rate and which may eventually develop into Red Giants. Since these O-stars run through their life-stories relatively quickly, we may be sure that the Sword-Handle is 'young'. On the other hand the much fainter cluster Messier 67, in Cancer, contains no known stars of type earlier than AO, while dwarfs of later than type F5 are numerous. It is generally believed that Messier 67 is the 'oldest' open cluster so far studied.

Several more open clusters are visible to the naked eye. Præsepe, in Cancer—roughly between Castor and Pollux on the one side, and Regulus in Leo on the other—is nicknamed the 'Beehive', and is quite prominent in a clear sky, though moonlight is generally sufficient to obscure it. Another lovely cluster is Messier 35, in Gemini. Observers equipped with small telescopes will be able to find many more of them.

The stability of a cluster-system is of great interest, and is bound up with the general problem of the arrangement of stars in the Galaxy. Globular clusters, of course, are entirely stable, and will retain their identities indefinitely; but the much less densely populated and more scattered open clusters are a different proposition altogether.

The Galaxy itself is a flattened system, with a central nucleus (in the direction of the Sagittarius star-clouds) and spiral arms. The spiral form was established only comparatively recently, by the use of radio astronomy, but it was not unexpected, since many external galaxies are spiral—notably the Great Galaxy in Andromeda (Messier 31), which, at its distance of roughly 2,000,000 light-years, is the largest of our neighbours in the Local Group. The Sun lies some way from the galactic centre, as Shapley established forty years ago, following his studies of the distribution of globular clusters.

Rotation of the Galaxy

It has also been shown that the Galaxy is in a state of rotation round its nucleus. In the neighbourhood of the Sun, the revolution period is some 225,000,000 years; this figure is naturally uncertain to some degree, but is of the right order, and is often termed the 'cosmic year'. On Earth, the Carboniferous Period, when the coal measures were laid down and amphibians represented the highest form of terrestrial life, occurred only one cosmic year ago.

Open clusters share in the general rotation of the Galaxy, and tend to move in parallel paths, so maintaining the same distances from each other. Yet there are many perturbing influences which disrupt them. There is the tremendous force of the Galaxy itself, and there are also neighbouring stars to be taken into account; some of these, moving in different types of orbits, may pass through open clusters and produce marked effects.

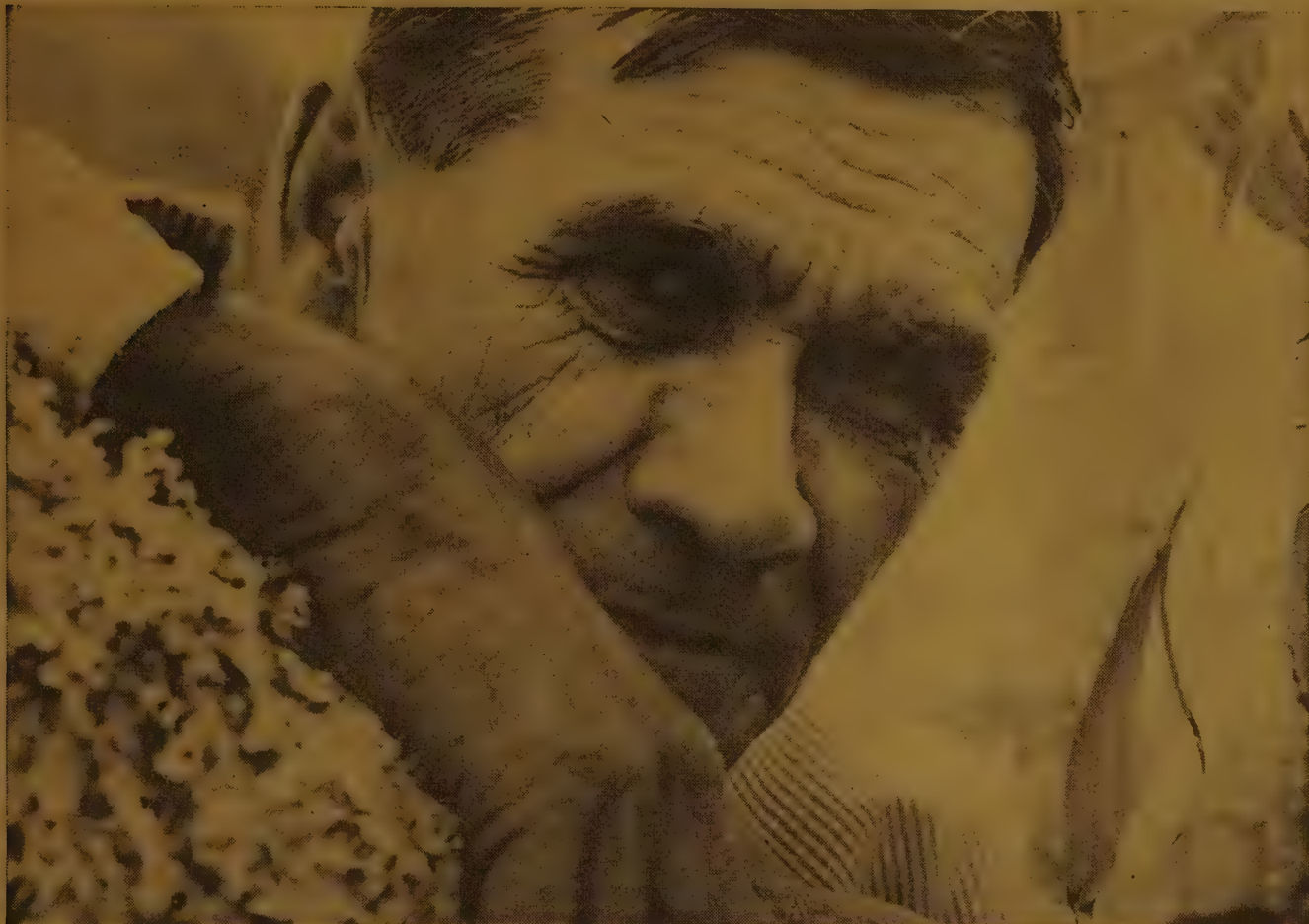
It may be said that if the internal gravitation of a cluster exceeds the disruptive force of the Galaxy as a whole, then the cluster will be stable, and will retain its identity over a very long period. If however the internal gravitation is the weaker, then the cluster will soon be disrupted. With the Pleiades, it seems that the central regions of the cluster are just about stable, but the outer parts are not, and so the system has a limited 'life'. The looser Hyades are less stable still.

On the whole, therefore, it seems that few open clusters can persist for more than a few revolutions round the galactic nucleus; they will then have been so scattered by perturbing forces that the clusters will cease to be identifiable. Most of the open clusters which we now see are relatively 'young', but there are exceptions. Messier 67, referred to above as being the 'oldest' of the open clusters so far studied, lies over 1,000 light-years above the plane of the Milky Way, and so is not subjected to the large perturbations which disrupt clusters closer to the plane.

But though open clusters can persist for periods which are brief in comparison with the total age of the Galaxy, their disruption is a very slow process by our everyday standards, and systems such as the Pleiades and the Hyades appeared to our remote cave-dwelling ancestors precisely in the form in which we see them today. In binoculars or low-powered telescopes the Pleiades, in particular, are magnificent, and so to a lesser extent

* To be sent to 'Sky at Night', B.B.C. Television Centre, London, W 12

THIS IS JOHN CHRISTIAN



John Christian, Chief Magistrate of Pitcairn. He wrote the letter.

THIS IS JOHN CHRISTIAN. Direct descendant of Fletcher Christian. Fletcher Christian, acting mate of His Majesty's Armed Vessel 'Bounty,' the most famous mutineer in the world. Christian of Pitcairn.

And this man is Christian of Pitcairn, too, Chief Magistrate of the Pitcairn Islands, that remote mutiny-inspired settlement lost in the mid-immensity of the vast Pacific Ocean.

Today, Pitcairn is a peaceful place. A place of sun and sea and easy living. But still a place not without its problems.

CHRISTIAN WRITES A LETTER

Which is why, on Sunday, 20th November, 1960, John Christian sits down to write a letter. A letter on behalf of each of Pitcairn's 126 inhabitants.

A letter to British Petroleum in London.

'Fuel supplies on the Island are far from satisfactory,' he says.

'Will your company give consideration to this problem? Could your ships bring our year's supply?'

It's not a large supply. About £300 worth in fact.

But British Petroleum believes that people, and their problems, matter.

ATTENTION BRITISH CURLEW

So, the 15,000 ton BP Tanker *British Curlew* is diverted from the regular New Zealand run. She anchors off Bounty Bay. And through heavy surf, whale boats ferry ashore the 10 and 12½ gallon drums of Pitcairn's fuel supplies. Paraffin for lighting; Diesel for the Island's generating plant; petrol; Energol lubricating oils.

Thanks to BP the Island is re-fuelled again.



BRITISH PETROLEUM



The drums of BP products come ashore.



Christian fills his paraffin lamp. Thanks to BP.



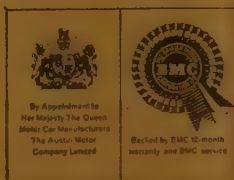
Get the power to go places *That's the gain of the NEW A60*

FASTER Some drivers live in Lilliput-land. They settle for under-power. Maybe you feel you don't belong to that class. Try the new A60. The simple data is: 1622 cc, 61 bhp, well over 80 mph. That gives you enough extra to shrug off most sane competition on a safe straight road. To go clean ahead from the lights. *Why settle for less?*

FASTER Make a simple test. Drive four guests off in a new A60. Add up the compliments as they come (they should reach double figures). In the A60 *everyone* is able to stretch his legs. Sit back in comfort. Breathe. Talk. Enjoy the journey. The duotone trim strikes a restful modern note. The engine's a gentle hum. Safety Point: fittings for seat belts have been provided. *Why settle for less?*

FASTER The new A60 is a very advanced car. It looks very stylish in the showroom. But there's only one way to get to know it—get out and drive it. Phone up your Austin dealer and ask him to put you on his booking list for a free trial run. The A60 costs £585 plus £269.7.3 P.T. and Surcharge.

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are the Hyades—despite the spurious inclusion of Aldebaran. Observers who can make use of more powerful telescopes will be able to explore the glories of systems such as the Sword-Handle in Perseus and the aptly named 'Wild Duck' cluster in Scutum, while those who live in the southern hemisphere

can add the 'Jewel Box', κ Crucis in the Southern Cross. Though the open clusters must be regarded as essentially temporary associations, they are of great importance to astronomers, and even the less serious observer will derive much enjoyment from looking at these superb groups of suns.

—Based on the B.B.C. Television programme of November 22

Something in the Air

MAGNUS PYKE and DENNIS HILL on a new technique in analytical chemistry

Magnus Pyke: A man with 120 parts of sugar in a 100,000 parts of his blood is a healthy man, whereas a man with 180 parts of sugar in the same 100,000 parts of blood has diabetes. But no one could even begin to deal with this disease systematically until he had available to him an analytical method capable of measuring differences of 60 parts in 100,000, that is 0.06 per cent. of sugar in blood.

This level of analytical precision was worked out thirty years or more ago. Today analytical chemistry has taken us much further. It is worth remembering that much of our modern insight into the nature of the tissues and workings of the human body or, say, into the composition of 'plastics' such as nylon or polythene, is only possible because of a simple technique that came out of the heads of two young British chemists who were trying to analyse a natural substance, wool, at a research station in Leeds. The technique was called 'partition chromatography', but all that it involved in its original form was to allow a solution of any mixture that it was desired to analyse to run down a sheet of filter paper. Almost everyone who has dropped a spot of ink on to blotting paper will have noticed the dyes in the ink separate into different zones as the blot expands, but it took these two men, Martin and Synge, to realize that the same principle could be used as an exquisitely delicate method of analysis.

It is curious to remember that up to the year 1650 B.C., highly intelligent and well-educated Egyptians were unable to multiply. When they had calculations to make involving multiplication they had to work them out by the tedious process of doubling. Today, now that we know how multiplication is done, it presents no difficulty at all and can be mastered by young children. The same is true for 'paper chromatography'. It has become a routine laboratory technique. But scientists with the gift for discovery can show contemporaries who work at science how to look; and not once but many times, just as artists can continue to startle their generation with their clearer vision of the world around us.

'Ink-blot' Technique

Martin and Synge published their classical paper on 'partition chromatography' in 1941. In it they described the 'ink-blot' technique of 'paper chromatography' which at once opened up a new world of discovery for their contemporaries. In the same publication they pointed out that the principles they had described, besides being applicable to the separation of mixtures in liquids, could be used to separate gas mixtures. There it was in black and white, but for ten years nobody paid any attention. Then Martin himself began with his colleague James to develop the idea he had written about a decade before, and, of course, as soon as he showed that what he and Synge had described was what they had said it was, all the lesser men suddenly realized that this also was an idea with immense possibilities. And today another great leap forward in science has become possible because what is now called 'gas chromatography' allows mixtures of vapours to be analysed with the same degree of subtlety that is possible when liquids are being analysed by 'paper chromatography'.

The principle of the operation is simplicity itself. For the last hundred years at least, ever since Maxwell invented a theorem about it, students have been taught that gas can be thought of as a swarm of tiny, hard, elastic particles banging endlessly about in almost empty space. The gases and vapours commonly met

with, whether in everyday life or in chemical laboratories, do not as a general rule consist of only one kind of molecule. For example, in a roomful of air, although most of the darting particles will be nitrogen, and a fairly large minority group will be oxygen, there will also be molecules of carbon-dioxide and of water, while here and there, banging and bouncing across the empty spaces, will be molecules of argon and neon, and occasionally a few complex molecules ricocheting round the room will react as the scent of a bowl of roses, should they ever strike the appropriate nerve cell in a passing nose.

Molecules Small and Lively

The process of 'gas chromatography' is based on the assumption that this unseen picture is true and that if a vapour in which a number of different kinds of molecules are mixed is carried through a tube almost filled with solid obstacles which are made chemically 'sticky', as it were, with the right kind of liquid, then the smallest and liveliest molecules will get through first and the largest and clumsiest will come through last. And whereas the compound vapour to be analysed will have been put into the tube as a mixed-up crowd of assorted molecules, it will come through at the other end in order: first a group of small molecules, then a pause, then a group of a larger kind of molecules, then another pause, and so on.

The way in which this principle is applied in practice is simple but ingenious. The sample to be analysed, which may be either gas or a small drop of liquid which becomes vaporized in the apparatus, is injected into the end of a tube about as thick as one's finger. This tube, which is usually kept warm, is filled with inert particles—often powdered fire-brick—coated with an appropriate compound that delays the gas molecules as they pass through. The gas being analysed is usually carried along the tube by a draft of inert gas such as nitrogen or helium. Eventually its components reach the other end one by one and are made to emerge into a small flame. In some analytical instruments there is a thermocouple set in the flame that records its temperature electrically. When the components of the sample reach the flame they burn and the flame momentarily becomes hotter.

This is the principle upon which analytical apparatus, some of it of considerable complexity, has been devised and is now to be found in all sorts of laboratories. It is not very difficult to arrange things so that each different component of a mixture emerging from the 'chromatographic column', as it is called, draws for itself on a piece of paper a peak on a chart. 'Gas chromatography' can be used to analyse natural gas from oil wells, or to check the purity of volatile chemicals, or even in some circumstances, coupled to the appropriate electronic gear, to control the operations of a whole factory. But it has also been applied to biological problems, and its extreme sensitivity is allowing biologists to study events at an entirely new level of perceptiveness. Consider only two examples of the possibilities that gas chromatography is opening up. For example, Dennis Hill, of the Royal College of Surgeons, has been measuring gases in the breath of people under an anaesthetic.

Dennis Hill: When a patient is anaesthetized during a surgical operation he is usually kept asleep by means of a mixture of gases and vapours which the anaesthetist gives him to breathe, and

(concluded on page 983)

Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets

Now a Roman piazza is next door

An Italian street market—picturesque, but fast disappearing as the most rapidly developing member of the Common Market turns to modern marketing methods. The new supermarkets demand modern packaging which the Reed Paper Group is supplying in ever-increasing volume through its new Italian partners.



A VITAL FOOTHOLD FOR THE REED PAPER GROUP IN THE COMMON MARKET

—that is the outcome of the Group's new partnership with La Centrale Finanziaria Generale S.p.A. of Milan, with whom it has set up a holding company, SICAR S.p.A. Already SICAR has acquired a controlling interest in a major packaging business, now renamed Rexim-Bugnone S.p.A., and is building a carton board mill in Southern Italy.

The challenge of the Common Market's 170 million people has sent Italian industrial output soaring. Production has increased faster than any other member of the Six. In line with this exciting trend, the Italian paper and board industry is growing at the rate of 12% a year.

The Italian today uses on average only 60 lbs. of paper and paper products compared with the 140 lbs. of his cousins in the rest of the

Common Market, and the 224 lbs. in the United Kingdom. Thus the growth potential is enormous; indeed, demand may well double in ten years.

This new partnership in Italy is typical of the global pattern of expansion of the Reed Paper Group. A £37 million transaction last year brought three Canadian companies—Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., the Dryden Paper Co. Ltd., and the Gulf Pulp and Paper Co.—into the Group. Other developments include a £2½ million pulp and paper mill under construction in Norway and a £2 million packaging organisation operating throughout Australia.

To each of these partnerships, the Reed Paper Group brings its vast technical, research and production experience. Each member company, for its part, makes full use of its knowledge of local conditions and markets.

The Reed Paper Group is now firmly established in the four main

THE COMMON MARKET

to an English supermarket

The shelves of a typical English supermarket—a feature of our shopping centres—show the range and sophistication of modern packaging in Britain today. The Reed Paper Group and its Italian partners are pooling their knowledge and experience to provide still better packaging for a constantly widening range of products.



trading areas of the free world—the Dollar Market, the Commonwealth, the European Free Trade Area and the Common Market. The next few years will see new enterprises started and existing projects developed further as part of the Group's efforts to expand and diversify its activities in this country and all over the world.

For a copy of "Reed in the World", an illustrated account of the activities of the Reed Paper Group, please write to:—

Reed Paper Group, Group Publicity Department, Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

REED PAPER GROUP

A world-wide partnership
producing pulp, paper, board and packaging



B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

November 29 - December 5

Wednesday, November 29

The Americans send a chimpanzee in orbit twice round the earth and bring him safely back

Leaders of the railway unions say they will call for a national strike if their claim for higher pay is again rejected by the Transport Commission

The Government tells the National Coal Board that the pay 'pause' must be taken into account in dealing with the miners' wage claim

Thursday, November 30

The Government rejects postal workers' pay claim; Union of Post Office Workers say that their members will be instructed to work to rule from January 1

Mr. Gaitskell announces changes in Labour Party's 'shadow' cabinet

Friday, December 1

Dr. Conor O'Brien resigns from his post as U.N. representative in Katanga

U.N. General Assembly starts debate on China's representation in the Assembly (see page 959)

Higher pay for firemen is agreed on, but date when this is to begin is not settled

Saturday, December 2

Eleven U.N. men are taken prisoner by Katangans after clash in Elisabethville

Students of Ghana's two new universities are accused by their Government of 'academic arrogance, indiscipline and disrespect of the authorities'

Sunday, December 3

Dr. Conor O'Brien says his resignation was due to 'heavy pressure' from France and Britain

Mr. Frank Haxell, former general secretary of the Electrical Trades Union, resigns from the Communist Party

Monday, December 4

Mr. Macmillan and President Kennedy are to meet in Bermuda on December 21

The Katanga Government threatens to shoot down any U.N. aircraft making unscheduled flights over the territory

Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of West Indian Federation, attacks Government's Immigration Bill

Tuesday, December 5

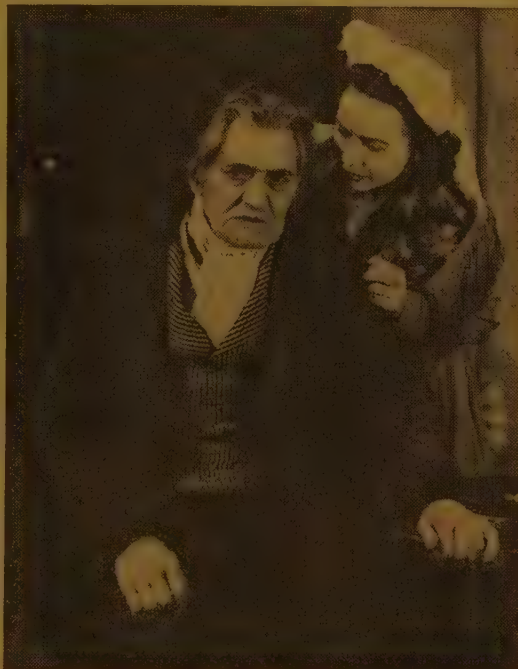
The committee stage of the Immigrants' bill begins in the House of Commons

In the Congo, fresh fighting breaks out between Katanga forces and United Nations troops

The border dispute between India and China flares up again

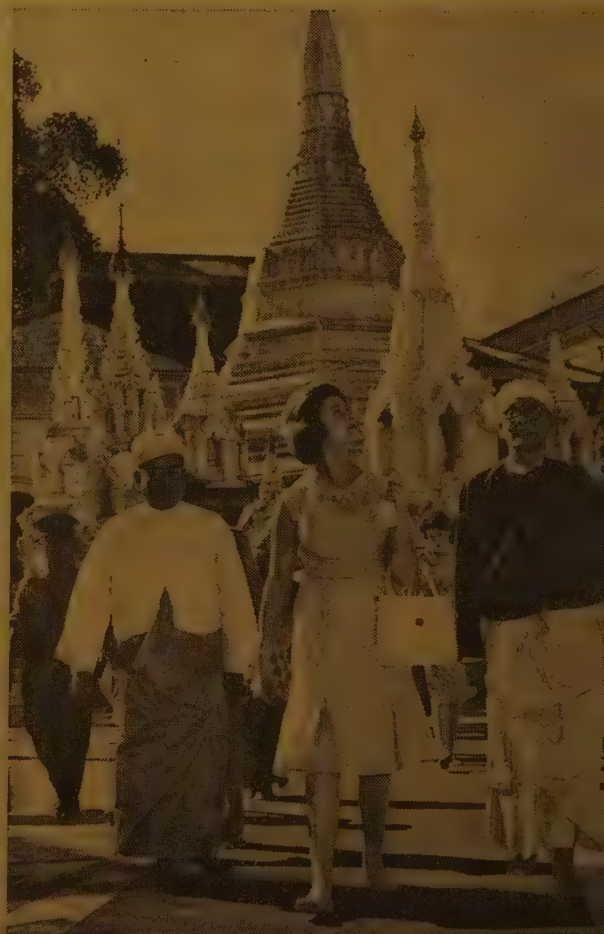


The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watching a display by devil dancers during a Royal Durbar held in their honour at Bo, in the southern province of Sierra Leone last week



Bransby Williams, the character actor, who died on December 3 aged ninety-one. He made his first appearance in variety in 1896 giving imitations of popular actors, and a year later introduced his interpretations of characters from Dickens for which he became best known. He began a new career on television when he was nearly eighty; this photograph shows him in the part of Mathias in a B.B.C. Television production of *The Bells*, with Hilda Schroder as Annette

THE QU



Princess Alexandra walking barefoot when she visited the pagoda in Rangoon last week; two trustees of the pagoda are

IN SIERRA LEONE



The royal visitors watching work in a diamond mine at Hangha. *Left:* visiting a model village at Kenema, in the eastern province: an African mother is having her hair dressed while she sits nursing her baby. Earlier this week the Queen and the Duke visited the Gambia




A model Arab dhow on show at an exhibition now being held at the Commonwealth Institute, London, in connexion with Tanganyika's attainment of independence on December 9. Mr. Dunstan Omari, High Commissioner-designate, who opened the exhibition, is looking at the ship

Right: children from the abandoned island of Tristan da Cunha, now living in Britain, studying a miniature layout of a road when they attended a class of instruction at the road safety training centre in Knightsbridge last week



Mr. M. Walton, an aspiring 'birdman', attempting to take off for a flight under his own power from Creech Barrow Hill, near Taunton, last weekend. Despite five runs down the hill, Mr. Walton failed to leave the ground; he hopes to try again, with a new machine, next year





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Friends' for Life

(concluded from page 977)

which must be carefully controlled and altered. This mixture usually consists of oxygen and nitrous oxide, with an added anaesthetic vapour such as ether, or the new anaesthetic 'Halothane', which is rather similar to the now-outmoded chloroform. The patient absorbs some of the anaesthetic, and so the proportions of the mixture he breathes out will differ from those he breathes in. And his bodily processes will also have used up some of the oxygen and converted it into carbon dioxide. The proportion of carbon dioxide which he breathes out is a valuable guide to whether he is breathing properly.

Thus an analysis of the mixture of gases and vapours which the patient breathes out would be very valuable to the anaesthetist; and when it comes to research into new anaesthetics, or into how they act, it is even more important. But it must be a quick analysis. An anaesthetic mixture which is too concentrated may cause the patient's blood-pressure to fall. The anaesthetist cannot afford to wait twenty minutes or so for a warning of this.

Gas chromatography has proved a most useful technique in solving this problem. For one thing, we can analyse all the gases and vapours on one instrument, instead of needing a separate apparatus for each component, as we had to before; and we can do the analysis in only a few minutes. We use two columns filled with crushed firebrick. One is impregnated with a chemical which separates the gases, while the other separates the vapours. The mixture is swept through by a steady flow of helium, and the emergence of the separated components is detected by looking for changes in the thermal conductivity of the gas stream.

The anaesthetist also wants to know the concentration of the anaesthetic in the patient's blood, because it is by way of the blood that it acts on the brain. This concentration may be as small as a few parts in a million, but it is easy

to adapt the gas chromatograph to measure this.

The technique has obviously proved its worth. Moreover, we hope that this will lead to further applications in medicine.

Studying Indigestion

Pyke: For a second example of the uses of gas chromatography, let us look at indigestion. The discomfort that a man suffers when he eats a food that he is only able partially to digest is mainly due to gas. This is produced from undigested food residue by some of the bacteria in the lower part of his small intestine. But in doing this, the bacteria produce hydrogen as a by-product of the process.

The molecule of hydrogen gas is small and active and, as the pressure builds up, it finds its way through the walls of the intestines and into the blood-stream. In due course, as the blood circulates through the lungs to give up its load of carbon dioxide and take on a return load of oxygen, it releases the hydrogen as well and it is expelled in the breath.

In the old days of the immediate past, a certain amount of information could be obtained about a person's health from the quality of his breath. For example, doctors are taught to look for a smell of acetone in the breath of patients suspected of suffering from diabetes. But today 'gas chromatography' provides a far more scientific method of studying breath than merely smelling it. An American 'project team' who are carrying out research into indigestion have found that if a man suffering from indigestion blows up a bag and the breath thus collected is examined by 'gas chromatography', the amount of hydrogen present in the breath—if any—can be measured. And by collecting breath samples from people at appropriate times after they have eaten a series of different foods the relative indigestibility of each can be measured.

This remarkable investigation, using the last word in analytical chemistry, has been spon-

sored partly by the United States Department of Agriculture and partly by the Idaho Bean Commission. It is rather generally known that in some individuals beans demonstrate their indigestibility by producing significant amounts of gas, comprising not only hydrogen but methane as well. Both these components can be detected by the new techniques of 'gas chromatography'. What the Idaho bean people have been doing is to improve their digestibility without altering their taste; and the new, delicate technique of analysis is available as a useful scientific tool to determine whether the amounts of hydrogen and methane in the breath of the susceptible consumers eating the treated beans have been reduced or not.

Human beings who suffer from indigestion after eating beans can complain. Animals, however, have no direct means of announcing when they have 'heart-burn'. The use of 'gas chromatography' is therefore a means of detecting the digestibility of the foods eaten by livestock as well as being applicable to medical and nutritional problems of man. But this remarkable new tool, which has increased the analytical acuity of the biochemist by a hundredfold or more, may throw light on matters far more profound than those with which the Idaho Bean Commission are concerned. The present generation has seen the elucidation of the complexity of the chemical reactions through which the fuels of the body must pass in releasing the energy of life. With the accepted methods of 'paper chromatography' and the use of radio-active markers, it can be seen that a score of step-by-step chemical changes are undergone when so simple a foodstuff as glucose burns in the body. But every year it becomes apparent that the intricacy of the biochemical process is greater than was first thought. Hence the demand for more and more delicate analytical techniques. Chromatography is proving to be one of the most powerful techniques discovered in recent times.—*Network Three*

A Conversation of Places

By GEORGE FRASER

TO GET AWAY from it all. I want to sometimes but I wonder why. I live in an English midland town which, as schoolgirls used to say about their petticoats when their skirts blew up, is clean and decent and well paid for. Mostly brick, unsmoky, on a sunny day it has a pleasant pink scrubbed look. Our shopping centre is like the shopping centre anywhere else: big stores, self-services, cinemas losing business, though we have a few shops with local specialities, like our famous pork pies.

One main long arterial road, the London road, runs from the suburbs to the town-centre, and the steady stream of cars on it is like the drops of blood pumping through an artery. But the avenues that radiate off it in the suburbs are quiet. I live in one of these, a street of three-storied detached or semi-detached houses, builders' Tudor, of around 1910 or so, with back stairs for servants who no longer exist, and poky little kitchens. The avenues are very

broad, with big trees. We park our cars on the road and exchange a word with a neighbour, polishing the car or clipping the front hedge. This is a pleasant, unexacting place to live for somebody like myself who, wherever he is, lives in his head. But young business people coming to the city from somewhere else, especially London, complain that there is nothing much to do and find it lonely. It takes ten years, they say, before you are really accepted by the natives.

I make a point, we are not philistine. There is a newish university and a much older adult education college. There is a long tradition of attending lectures; there is an amateur dramatic company with its own little theatre. We have jolly chats over coffee and corned-beef sandwiches, after our evening classes. What I miss is not culture, but something cruder, that one might call a bit of life. Over the last ten years or so, we have pulled down our two or three professional theatres. The pubs close at ten. Our

pattern of life is to have a few friends in in the evening sometimes, but more often to watch television and go to bed early. The feeling of the city is prosperous placidity. We do have boys and girls who get a bit wild sometimes and get into the evening newspaper; but the note of the city is struck for me by the jolly plump, grey-haired or even blue-haired middle-aged ladies in club uniform, white smock-like dresses and white floppy felt hats, bending their broad backs over bowling greens on a spring afternoon. We are a traditionally nonconformist city, with a quiet assurance of quiet righteousness. People make a lot of money in my city, but would not want to spend it in a splashy or showy way.

So if I want to get away sometimes, it is because the city stands for a sort of just mean; and I feel a sudden lust for extravagant extremes. I suddenly want life to be more like a story or a poem, more tingling. I want to look at proud buildings, grand paintings, stretches of



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rolling eighteenth-century parkland, and I long for the company of people who are handsome, reckless, quick, clever, no doubt silly sometimes, maybe even dangerous. I want to get away from the world where culture is a duty to the world where art is a pleasure. Living in a provincial city, after years in London, has taught me that most people are not only indifferent to the arts but actively dislike them. You should see the fuss in our local newspaper when our little art gallery buys a modern abstract painting or even an Italian primitive. You should see the relief when it decides not to buy a Henry Moore. I have been told that we spend less on the arts out of our rates than any city in England. It makes some people cross that we should spend anything at all. And as for 'intellectual', that is a recurrent dirty word. And I do sometimes want to get right away, to the sound of different voices.

Dear Old, Wicked Chelsea

I got away this summer, then, for a week, to Chelsea, where a friend lent me a house. Dear old, wicked Chelsea! The handsome young men and women, in their carefully careless dress, strolled down the King's Road. The green-grocer's windows were piled with aubergines, green peppers, canteloupes, avocado pears. The off-licence windows were full of great litre bottles of cheap yellow wine. There was in fact a pervasive, if unwarrantable, sense that life is something to be enjoyed. And I savoured at little dinners or over drinks what the provinces would not wish to offer, rapid, dry, gay, devouring conversation; scandal nibbled like salted peanuts; ideas bounced up in the air like balloons. I was freshly enchanted also, for the memory blurs in absence, by the sheer oddity and absurdity of some of my old friends. Dear London! What other place is there where, at least in odd corners, people can be, with such comicality and pathos, with such ruthlessness also, their sheer selves.

After London, off we went to something different again, friends in Somerset. They have a big house, not more than fifty years old, built of honey-coloured stone on the top of a very high ridge among acres of woodland and meadow, a few miles out of Bath. It is a house full of Tang horses and Greek vases, yet full of children, full of ease and untidiness; one had the sense of leaving the decent dim provinces and the garish surprising capital for a rural page from Turgenev.

Our hostess was a White Russian, with a strong and serene beauty, with a very exact sense of breeding and manner and proper behaviour, and yet also with a strange wild secret sweetness like that of Tolstoy's Natasha. She moves calmly around her huge kitchen, with six children and three or four grown-ups hanging round her. The meals are always late, but they are always excellent.

From the balustrade of the formal garden, we can look across endless dipping and rising miles of wood and meadow valley. Sweetness and order were all around us, and talk perhaps more rewarding than London talk, since it was not talk for display.

I tore myself away, to give some lectures in Sligo, in the west of Ireland, at a course which is held every year to commemorate the great poet Yeats. First there was a night in Dublin. My wife and I spent the evening in a round of

pubs, in one of which a little working man, born in Sligo, recited to me by heart, and beautifully, some of Yeats's early poems. At Sligo, in a crowded week, I began to tune in to the lilt and phrasing of the Irish voice—somebody said of a shrewish woman: 'A tongue you could clip a hedge with'. One got tuned in to Irish drama and reticence. A Protestant from over the Border said to us: 'Tis a very tolerant place, Sligo. Indeed, you will be talking to a man for ten minutes before you know what his religion is'. I saw, however, the continuing strength of old religious principles and divisions.

I had been longing for this sense of drama, but can people pay too high a price for it? A masterful woman began a long conversation with me by saying: 'We Irish are a nation of slaves'. I saw a documentary film newly made out of old material: about Casement, about Carson, and F. E. Smith, about Easter 1916; a film full of speeches and funerals and violent deaths; full of bitterness and defeat, and pride asserting itself against defeat. I wept, but wondered if the grip of history can become a sort of illness. 'We Irish', a wise man said to me, 'live in a semi-poetic condition; you Scots live in a semi-philosophic condition'. What condition did the English live in, I asked: nobody could quite put a finger on a word for that.

Hospitality from Robert the Bruce

Is the strong sense of history a good or bad thing? Earlier this year I had revisited my own country, Scotland, revisited the city where I spent most of my childhood, Aberdeen. I was lecturing to foreign teachers and students. I shall tell you some things that struck me. There was a great civic reception in the Town House, an extraordinarily splendid abundance of scones and cakes, which the Scots make so well, and the Lord Provost told us that the money for this came from a bequest left by Robert the Bruce, worth forty marks a year, for hospitality to strangers. The Lord Provost is a professor of divinity. He recited to us by heart the great passage about freedom:

A! fredome is a noble thing!

Fredome mayse man to haiff liking

from Barbour's heroic narrative poem on Bruce. I thought that in my own midland English city no professor ever would become lord mayor, nor if he did would he recite a passage of medieval poetry at a civic reception, or people would think he had gone mad.

I came back at last to my own midland city refreshed. And now it is time to draw a moral from this rambling tale. What had I needed and what had I got? From London, quick, lively talk, the sense of variety and oddity in people, and the delight in people being unrestrained themselves. From Ireland the tragic and noble sense of history, but a touch also of the irreverent human comedy that goes with that; and the feeling of people living in the kind of poetry that the past produces. From Scotland, the same sense of history, but without the note of plaintive elegy, and with a forward look. It is strange that the English, the typical central English among whom I am now back, should have so great a history and so very univivid a sense of it. We hear a lot about the need to transform English culture. A little gaiety and nonsense and a deep sense of the sadness of things too, a little of the poet's mood more widely spread, might do something to transform it. The Irish live in

a semi-poetic, the Scots in a semi-philosophic, condition; remains of country-house culture, such as I have described, help to keep the heart and imagination of a minority, but only a minority, in England alive. But what condition do the unemotional, unimaginative, sane bulk of the English live in? Could we call it a condition of semi-prose?—*Home Service*

Microcosm

Seen as a wilderness
The vegetable patch
Is far from dud:
Let loose, the children scratch
In hollows of dry mud,
Ride on a plank, or watch
The insects in the grass,
Their bodies edged with light,
The tall weeds luminous.

No more than we deserve:
They to be left alone
To play, and I to work
In this clean living-room
Their mother keeps so well:
Routines we may not shirk
Or barely stay alive;
With skill we buy the freedom
That disciplines our skill.

Too young to think it out,
How could they know that we
Who sometimes nag and shout
Are free when they are free,
Clear of the mean restraint
Grafted in all of us.
'Keep out of range', I'd say;
'Let me be generous'.
And they'd wonder what I meant.

RICHARD KELL
—Third Programme

Sea-Captain

His eyes are cold blue daylight,
His face roughened and red;
Set on his bridge of shoulders
The wheelhouse of his head.

He walks the bucking coaster
Like a wheel set in a groove,
But lurches on the dry land
As though the earth did move.

Squints down at books and newsprint,
Things hard to understand,
But knows the vertical sky-wall
Like his own three-fingered hand.

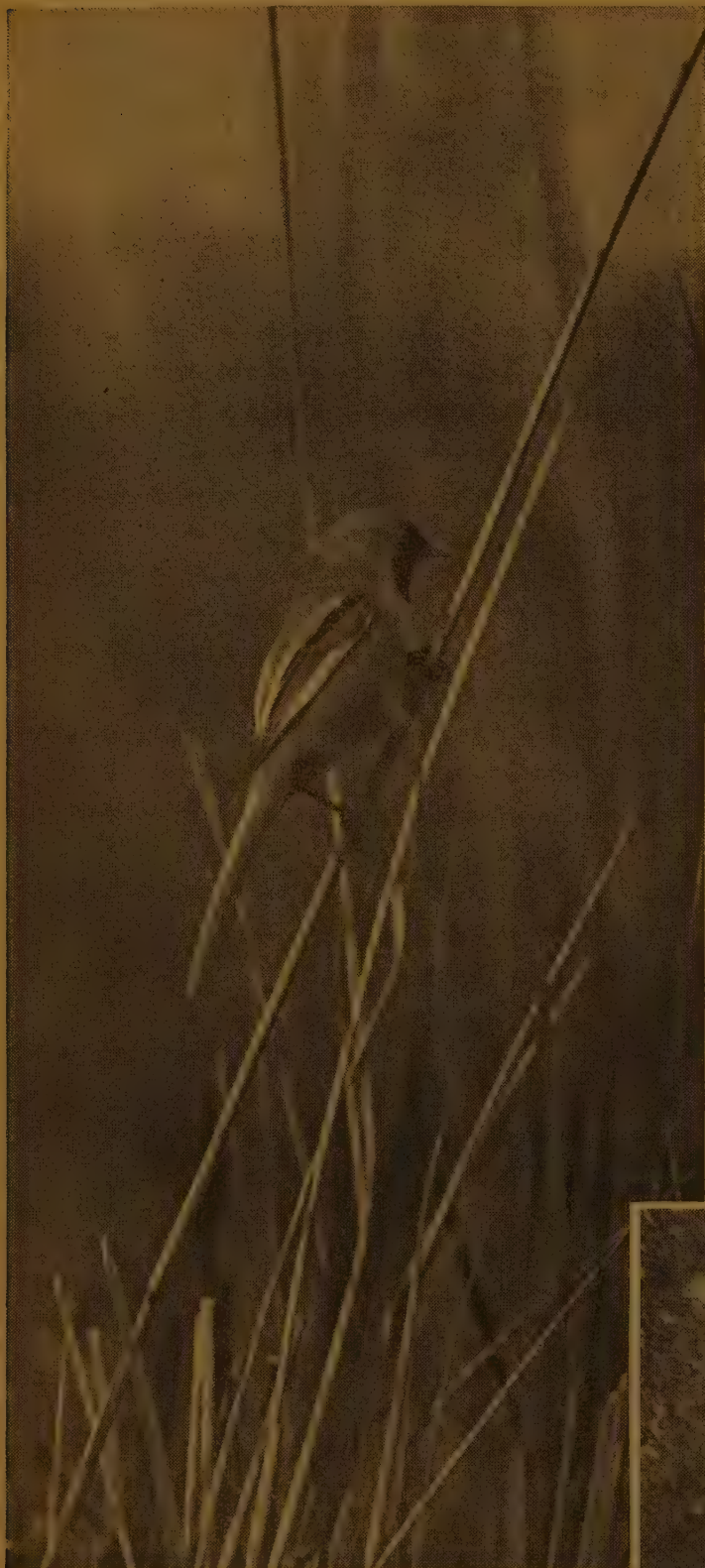
And he makes no great matter
Of things so brave to me,
Bustle and muck of harbours,
Charge and recoil of the sea,

The cello winds and the calms,
The weather's stratagems,
And the solemn periodic
Lights with their famous names.

HAL SUMMERS

'LOOK'

Some of the wild creatures seen in this series of nature programmes now being shown on B.B.C. television



Eric Hosking

A bearded tit, one of Britain's rarest birds, among the reeds of Minsmere Reserve, Suffolk. A film of this reserve and its wild life, made by Christopher Mylne of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, was shown in 'Minsmere' on November 24

Right: a young ibex. A film of these animals, made in Spain by E. D. H. Johnson, will be seen in 'Look' on December 22. This photograph was taken during an earlier expedition to Spain, led by Eric Hosking, to film the lammergeier or bearded vulture, which will also be seen in the programme



Laurence Perkins

A water-spider beside its 'diving-bell', a bubble of air contained in a web. This and other European spiders were seen in 'The Long-legged Spinners' on November 17



A ragworm, trapped by the tentacles of a sea anemone (right), escapes by leaving its tail behind: a sequence from a film made by Robert Bustard, one of the four runners-up in the competition for amateur nature photographers held last year by the B.B.C. and the Council for Nature (the winning film, 'The Alder Woodwasp and its Enemies', was shown in 'Look' last May). Extracts from these films will be seen in 'Well Shot!' on December 8



Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Colonial Reckoning

Sir,—Miss Perham approaches 'The Colonial Reckoning' from the distinguished background of administrators. I was thrown into the Afro-Asian revolution through the Asian Labour movement. It is sad that there seems so little in common not only between the European and the African or Asian but between two fellow British on the premises from which we set out.

From Miss Perham's Reith Lectures I deduce that she accepts that Britain (France too?) established colonial rule in the interest of the Africans with the object of educating them to independence. But Miss Perham would surely agree that no African, or Asian either, would accept this. The point of departure at Bandung was that the West entered Africa to protect its financial and commercial interests established there and that all government was solely in the interest of the Colonial power and the European shareholder. It is essential to understand this gulf from the outset.

Miss Perham has not yet touched upon the place of the big European trading companies in Africa and their influence on colonial policy.

I hope she will do this, as I think it would clear away a great deal of misconception and mistrust.—Yours, etc.,

Hatfield Broad Oak

GEORGE EDINGER

Sir,—Miss Margery Perham's second Reith lecture (THE LISTENER, November 23) is very stimulating. However, one may not feel entirely happy about one or two questions she raises. It would seem that she is over-emphasizing the role of the intelligentsia in African nationalism. And, also, she wants us to believe that the masses are just milled into the movement. Above all what she says about racism is but a step to the assertion that African nationalism is solely a war against Gobineau, Chamberlain, and their school of thought. There may be more to African nationalism than that. It is a whole complex of motivations and patterns of behaviour. It may be true that the new intelligentsia is against racism but this would be a political myth beyond the grasp of most Africans. The point is, most Africans are ignorant of the existence of racial hatred and intolerance.

African nationalism is an ideology, or it is said to be. Like any other ideology, it has got to compete with existing ideologies. Its rejection or acceptance depends upon the internal stability of the African societies concerned. But there is every indication that it is on the winning side in Africa. The masses have been milled, or are being milled, into this new creed. It may be argued that a well-integrated society may be more resistant to a new ideology than an unstable society. Most people would agree with Miss Perham that Western money and Christian education are cancerous to the stability of African societies. But one would tend to think that these themselves are not prepotent to change

the whole philosophy of peoples whose writings are still on the walls. To get mainly agricultural people to accept a new way of life, something catastrophic might have happened.

We should not lose sight of the fact that nationalism in Africa gathered pace immediately after the second world war. I would refer you to Mr. Colin Leys' article and my letter (THE LISTENER, June 2 and 16, 1960). Although it may sound a bit Marxian, economic conditions paved much of the way for the growth. The demobilized ex-servicemen had no jobs to go to, Britain could just survive under the Marshall Aid Plan, and her dependencies could not be fed from the bread basket; Ghana could not sell her cocoa or any of her agricultural products. These conditions existed almost everywhere—with many other crucial factors such as broken homes, dead relatives. These are societies where individuals count a lot. For an ideology to grow it is necessary that all the minds of all the citizens should be rallied round and held together by certain predominant ideas—in Africa these ideas are that all human troubles, wars, pestilence, famine, poverty are European-made. 'Go home white man', they shout.

Also, it would seem that Miss Perham tends to over-dramatize the role of the new intelligentsia. The new intelligentsia is quite a trickle; and cannot do much. Most Africans believe in the maxim 'Better the folly of our ancestors than the wisdom of our children'. In some societies, the new intelligentsia are regarded simply as those who pass for the white men. They are Greeks who are to be feared even if they are bringing presents.

The whole question of the new intelligentsia sends us back to the old question, do events make men, or vice versa? In one instance, everything might seem to hinge upon the new intelligentsia; in another, the new intelligentsia, like everyone else, are buffeted about by the winds of fate. It would be impossible to conceive of victorious Christianity without the dominating leadership of Paul or someone like him; on the other hand, even with a Paul, would early Christianity have succeeded so well without conditions of economic distress, inefficient administration, and popular disillusionment?

Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 2

KENNETH KYEI

The U.N., Force, and the Congo

Sir,—Mr. Roche (in THE LISTENER of November 16) objects to what he calls my contention 'that, where the assistance is provided [by the U.N.] in pursuance of an invitation of the government of the state, this is not an "intervention"'. Mr. Roche's interpolation in square brackets somewhat changes what I was trying to say. I was not here dealing specifically with intervention by the U.N. but with intervention generally, whether by the U.N. or by a sovereign state. And the proposition is not my

contention but a statement of established law which Mr. Roche can check in any text book on international law (e.g., *Oppenheim*, vol. I, 8th ed. page 305). As a recent writer puts it: 'It is generally assumed that because the government of a state represents it in its international relations, it is able as well to waive as to assert the rights of the state; and that, if a government invites another state to act in a manner which would otherwise constitute a derogation from the rights of the former, the presence of consent negatives the possibility of wrong' (see *ICLQ*, 1958, page 102).

Now it is true that this general proposition, like most propositions of law, requires qualification. Most modern authorities would hold that intervention by invitation is unlawful if it is 'of that kind which amounts to denial of the right of every independent state to decide its form of government and political system' (*Oppenheim, loc cit.* page 306). And this qualification itself requires qualification because there is good authority for the view that intervention by invitation even in a civil war situation may be justified if there is evidence that the situation is inspired or supported by a foreign state or states.

If I gave the impression in my talk that the mere presence of an invitation legitimizes intervention in *all* circumstances, I am sorry. But I don't really think that I did. For I immediately said that 'the difficulties begin when there are rival governments contending for power'; and a large part of the rest of the talk was concerned with the difficulty of the United Nations in trying to hold a line between maintenance of internal order and interference in the local political struggle. But in any case Mr. Roche surely goes too far in suggesting that, on the assumption I make, 'Kadar could have legitimately invoked the assistance of U.N. forces to put down the Hungarian insurrection, and Batista to put down Castro'. The legality of any U.N. action obviously has to be measured against *all* the relevant provisions of the Charter and any relevant decisions and recommendations. It is monstrous to isolate one statement relevant to the consideration of one section of one article of the Charter and then to attempt to discredit it by applying it to hypothetical cases which, if they did arise, would involve scores of other legal considerations.

As to the meaning and scope of Chapter VII of the Charter, I said in my talk that there was room for more than one opinion on the law involved. But I am not sure there is room for Mr. Roche's view when he suggests that the 'enforcement measures' cannot be brought into action for 'anything other than overt acts of aggression from outside a country'. Quite apart from the fact that the term 'aggression' as used in Chapter VII is not qualified by 'overt', it is also clear that the Council may take action in respect of a 'threat to the peace' or a 'breach of the peace' without the necessity of finding that some party must be regarded as an 'aggressor'.

Mr. Roche also objects to my use of the terms 'foreign mercenaries' and 'French rebels from Algeria' which he thinks proceed from my emotions. Actually they proceed, as I stated, from U.N. sources of information. The second I admit is not a straight quotation. The Report of September 4 to the Secretary-General from the Officer in Charge of the Congo operation refers to 'a group of officers of French nationality, some of whom were unable to return to their own country because of their implication in the recent revolt by French military elements in Algeria'. I am at a loss to understand why it should be thought in any way objectionable to refer to these gentlemen as French rebels from Algeria; for surely that is what they are.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. Y. JENNINGS

The Moral Doubts of Kant

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of November 23 Professor Nowell-Smith adumbrates what he calls 'a fundamental point about philosophy, namely the possibility of seeing a philosopher's system in a manner different from his intentions and of exploring where it leads'. He adds epigrammatically: 'We are not concerned with Kant's intentions, but with his writings'. On this basis he seems anxious to defend Miss Loring's interpretation of Kant against what appear to me to be the fully justified criticisms of Dr. Rickman.

It may seem not altogether easy to separate an author's intentions from his writings, but I take Professor Nowell-Smith to mean that we can explore the implications of a philosopher's system and so be led to conclusions which were not intended or even envisaged by the philosopher himself. This may be admirable if we are led, whether by acceptance or rejection of these implications, to a better philosophy which is kept distinct from the original system. It is less admirable if we first of all misunderstand the system and are led by our explorations to a doctrine which is absurd or unintelligible, especially if we insist on attributing this new philosophy to the original author. This, it appears to me, is what has happened to Miss Loring in spite of her obvious acuteness. Indeed the results of her exegesis are not so strange that she has to supplement them by psychological speculations about Kant's mind and character. If Kant had really held the doctrines she attributes to him, he might well have emerged as 'one inwardly beset by worries and uncertainties'. Such a view of him runs counter to the empirical evidence at our disposal. If she had understood his doctrine better, she would have understood him better as a man.

It would be hard to deny that Miss Loring sees in Kant's system something very different from what he intended by his writings. But if Professor Nowell-Smith's defence is to stand, it would be necessary to show that the results of Miss Loring's explorations could be logically derived from what Kant writes. An attempt to do this would necessarily end in failure.

No doubt it is dogmatic on my part to say so; but, as I am sure Professor Nowell-Smith would agree, such complicated matters cannot be dealt with otherwise in the course of a short letter. Yet it might be expected that however much philosophers differed about the value of Kant's ethics, they could come to some agree-

ment about what his doctrine in fact was. Only so can we begin to discuss its further implications with any hope of success. Unfortunately this necessary precondition is still far from being fulfilled; and I regret very much that the interpretations of so able a thinker as Professor Nowell-Smith—not to mention Miss Loring's—should seem to me to be so mistaken.

Professor Nowell-Smith appears to support the view that Kant suffered from moral doubts. His evidence for this is that Kant denied instinctively moral worth to actions done merely from altruistic motives and not because the agent regarded them as right. If we do not accept Kant's definition of 'moral', this pronouncement is, we are told, a moral one and a very dubious one at that. What this means is that Professor Nowell-Smith doubts the pronouncement, as he has every right to do. There is no reason for suggesting that Kant shared this doubt: all the evidence is that he did not.

The other arguments put forward by Professor Nowell-Smith seem to be concerned rather with the value than with the interpretation of Kant's doctrines, although they assume interpretations which I should wish to question. To consider only one of them, he says: 'To distinguish actions done from love or pity from moral actions is worse than pointless; it is to confuse categories'. But this is true only because the doctrine is telescoped. Kant distinguishes actions done from love and pity from those done because the agent believes them to be right. This is a psychological distinction. He maintains further that the first class of actions has no distinctively moral value, while the second class has. This is a judgment of value. Even if he is mistaken, it is hard to see why he should be charged with confusing categories. If his view is worse than pointless, why should Professor Nowell-Smith be so anxious to refute it? You can't refute a point that isn't there.—Yours, etc.,

Bridge of Earn

H. J. PATON

Children's Homework

Sir,—Mr. D. L. P. Hartley's idea of homework done at school (THE LISTENER, November 30) is an ideal solution to the problem up to the age of fourteen, when an hour to an hour and a half is the average amount done each evening.

This system already operates in the private sector of education, but so few children are affected by it that in a short talk I felt it was one aspect which I could leave out. The children who are day pupils at preparatory schools or independent day schools do their homework at school with the boards under the supervision of a teacher. They come home much later but enjoy two or three hours complete freedom each evening which I believe contributes greatly to their intellectual development.

Such an arrangement is only possible in schools where there is an adequate staffing ratio and would be unworkable in the state system.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

JANE R. DOBBIN

Sir,—Mr. D. L. P. Hartley's suggestion of no homework for children under the age of fifteen seems to me, a sixteen-year-old grammar school pupil, and most of my class-mates, most impracticable. This early homework trains us into

a pattern of regular evening study, and to start afresh, after ten school years' comparative freedom, would be too violent a change to ensure satisfactory results.

At our school, each pupil in the sixth form is given approximately five hours a week of school-time for private study, either to lighten his homework or to do whatever work he pleases. I find time to do my homework satisfactorily and still have time left each evening to read and/or pursue a hobby. Most of us, however, would find the long winter evenings too boring with no homework. Also we accept the homework appreciatively because we realize that our teachers are using more of their private time than we are ours, to ensure that we succeed and develop in the correct manner so that we may join society in the following generation.

Yours, etc.,

Wolverton

A. SHEAN

The Road Not Taken

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of November 30, Mr. Bayley rebukes me for quoting from a writer whose work neither he nor I can endorse without serious reservations. However, the actual quotation used seemed to me an admirable watchword for the rising generation of poets, whether or not its originator was able to make use of it himself.

Nevertheless, I shall try to avoid using quotations in this way from now on, in case anyone else like Mr. Bayley makes them the occasion for a wholly irrelevant attack upon the writer or writers concerned.—Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 10.

PHILIP HOBSBAUM

Sir,—It seems, then, that Mr. Hobsbaum has joined Bergonzi, Hough, and Alvarez in their strange heresy about the poetic tradition. This heresy maintains that, whereas in the past the tradition ran through, and was added to by, the greatest poets of each age, nowadays this is not so. Nowadays, the story runs, the tradition is only maintained by minor talents—the great poets have turned aside from it and have had, on the whole, only a bad influence on it.

What an extraordinary position this is, to be sure. Instead of the steady movement of the tradition which most of us see, embracing pre-eminently Eliot, Pound, Dylan Thomas, Patten, and Ginsberg—all major talents who have produced considerable poems—we are now told that we must look instead to Hardy, Frost, Graves, Ransom, Muir, and Betjeman (according to Hough) or Hardy, Edward Thomas, Rosenberg, and Owen (according to Hobsbaum).


Surely all these are minor—even, in certain instances, desperately minor? What is the idea behind this new doctrine? One suspects that it may be merely a face-saving device designed to cover up the appallingly low standard of poetic writing in this country since the war. But to write bad criticism in an attempt to save bad poetry is only to add to the offence.

If poetry in this country is in a bad state (as we all agree it is) we must look for guidance to men who have done first-rate work. This ought to be obvious enough not to need stating, but it is precisely this truism which the new heresy seems to seek to deny. Surely there must be some mistake—surely they can't really mean it?

A recent lecture of Robert Graves contains some remarks which indicate that he, too, sup-

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THE SUNDAY TIMES

YOUR TEENAGE DAUGHTER

Dilemma of the Middle-Class Parent

The much-publicised yellow golliwog on the gym-slip has become a sad little badge of non-chastity among some British schoolgirls. But it might also serve as a symbol of the problems facing the parents—especially middle-class parents—of teenage daughters in 1961.

Affluent Society 'Debs'

The true "debutante" of the Affluent Society is the wage-earning teenager. It is this socially and economically "emancipated" girl who sets the standards and fashions which will be copied by the middle-class sixth-form schoolgirl. And it is comparison of her own relatively restricted environment with the other's freedom that makes the public and grammar schoolgirl feel excluded from the vital cult of the teenager.

This is one of many significant points made in a searching and enlightening inquiry—Britain's **TEENAGE DAUGHTERS**—which begins in **THE SUNDAY TIMES** this weekend.

Challenges and Debunks

Based on scores of interviews with parents, teachers, sociologists, doctors, youth leaders, religious leaders, welfare workers and probation officers, this survey presents the *facts* behind the titillating headlines, dry statistics and righteous rumblings which surround our teenagers. Much of it is startling in its debunking of the popular, pre-packaged image of the nation's youth. It stresses that the roots of the "teenage problem" are not *wholly* concerned with sexual morality.

The Facts You Can't Ignore

This is a penetrating insight into the morals, manners and motives of Britain's teenage population. Few parents of teenage daughters will fail to recognise in it something of their own predicament—and *none* can afford to *ignore* it.

The Seven Deadly Sins

—BY SEVEN FAMOUS AUTHORS

The Seven Deadly Sins retain their hold on our imagination even though for many they have lost their theological sanction. **THE SUNDAY TIMES** has invited seven famous authors—on a one-man, one-sin basis—to reconsider them in the light of their own beliefs and experiences and of the contemporary moral climate. And as several members of this symposium on sin are lethal satirists there is a leavening of sardonic wit in their treatment of this serious subject. The first of this series of brilliant studies begins this Sunday with **ANGUS WILSON**. He will be followed by **EVELYN WAUGH**, **EDITH SITWELL**, **W. H. AUDEN**, **CYRIL CONNOLLY**, **PATRICK LEIGH-FERMOR** and **CHRISTOPHER SYKES**.

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ports the new view which Hobsbaum is putting forward. If he is going to propagate the doctrine from the vantage point of his new professorial post, it looks as if British criticism will sink to a level even lower than the present one. At the moment, our critics are at least decently ashamed of the state of poetry in this country; if the new doctrine catches on, the New Smugness will indeed have arrived.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.3

JOHN ROWAN

A. E. Housman

Sir,—May I disclaim the observation attributed to me by Professor Lloyd-Jones in THE LISTENER of November 30, that the main influence on Housman's style was that of Shaw? In the broadcast mentioned I pointed to an affinity between the two styles, but influence (either way) is quite another matter, and I know of no evidence to suggest it. I had particularly in mind Shaw's musical criticism, which Housman, who lacked interest in music, probably never read.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

Sir,—Is it not a fact that the contemporaries assailed by Housman were second-rate editors, falsely regarded as first-rate, and preening themselves?

Is it fair to quote Housman's harsh words about Jacob, and to omit the praise of his occasional real brilliance?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

B. GOULDING BROWN

Where Two Seas Meet

Sir,—Mr. E. Bradford's arguments that St. Paul of Tarsus landed not in Xemxija Bay but at Marfa, on the Kemmuna Channel, in A.D. 60, are somewhat unconvincing (THE LISTENER, November 30).

Surely *Topon diathalasson* might well refer not to a channel but to the dividing isthmus of Pwales Valley, between Xemxija (St. Paul's Bay) and Ghajn Tuffieha. From Dellija, on the southern shore of the bay, both east and west seas are visible, and from it, too, pours the Ghajn Rasul (Prophet's Spring) at which, as tradition would have it, the survivors refreshed themselves. I have killed *Vipera berus* on its rocky slopes—they are still plentiful, and are supposed to be non-poisonous, but one takes no chances, in case they haven't read the New Testament.

Irrigation on the northern shores at Marfa has, since the nineteen-thirties, been taken care of by a veritable steel forest of American windmills: it is doubtful whether true artesian wells function, owing to low pressure locally. Certainly the aridity of the land at the time the Acts were written makes it unlikely that anything but asphodel and opuntia cactus grew: not, in any case, the grape vine, from the firewood of which the dormant viper awoke to bite Paul.

But the weakest point in Mr. Bradford's theory is meteorological. Had the north-east (Greek) Gregale blown Paul's vessel into Kemmuna Channel, the millrace current would have carried her past and beyond the island

without a shadow of doubt, miracle or no. And the only place where the sea shelves as gradually as described in the scriptures is at Xemxija Bay. If the wreck is ever discovered, it will not be in fifty fathoms between Marfa and Kemmuna, but in St. Paul's Bay, under ten fathoms of sand, precisely as it says in the records.

Yours, etc.,

Walsall

PAUL HAMMET

'Mycenaeans and Minoans'

Sir,—Mr. Kirk's letter (THE LISTENER, November 23) will be welcomed by his fellow classical scholars as a salutary reminder that triviality is the occupational hazard of meticulous scholarship. Having scanned the seven chapters of my 'very imperfect' book with eager myopia he proclaims that I may have mistaken a horse's ear for a tuft of the mane. I am relieved that so searching a critic has found so little amiss, but I am no less a perfectionist than he. My chagrin would match the degree of his triumph. So I hasten to call his attention to my text, which is meant to be read with the picture (pages 174ff). From this Mr. Kirk will see that I am quoting Sir Arthur Evans himself. It was he, not I, who attached importance to 'the exact correspondence between the dressing of the mane here shown and that of the horses on the fragmentary frescoes found in the Megaron of the Palace of Mycenae'.

However, Mr. Kirk does not disguise his uneasy awareness that his chosen triviality has little bearing on the momentous issues involved, and he will feel no severe jolt if I recall him to a sense of proportion. Was Knossos the mouldering haunt of squatters or the seat of a powerful Mycenaean kingdom? All turns on simple facts of physical location: where and with what were these inscribed lumps of clay found? Like all defenders of orthodoxy Mr. Kirk resolutely averts his eyes from the *corpus delicti*: the sole stratigraphic key offered by the excavator over a period of thirty-five years is contradicted in all its circumstantial detail by his own records. With quiet patience I once again drag this cardinal question from the penumbra of prejudice into the light of day. All Mr. Kirk needs to do is to give Linear B scholars the inventory numbers of a 'hoard' of tablets found in a 'decisive stratigraphy' (Evans). If he would but do us this simple service, we should gladly release him to the more congenial task of making a mare's nest out of a horse's ear.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

L. R. PALMER

'The Story of Fabian Socialism'

Sir,—The simplest answer to Mr. Raymond Williams's question in his review (THE LISTENER, November 30) is that the book was written because there was no history of a movement which he admits to have been of very great importance. As to its publication, at a time when in his view, 'there is now no Fabian Socialism', the shortest answer is that a history is not a pamphlet and does not come popping out at a moment dictated by this week's news; another that its forerunner, Pease's *History of the Fabian Society*, was published in 1916, at a time when all radicalism appeared to have been

slain by the European war. Mr. Williams should cheer up—and even take a look at the Fabian Society today.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

MARGARET COLE

'The Modern Age'

Sir,—In his review of *The Modern Age* (THE LISTENER, November 2), Mr. Hough said some very harsh things about the book as a whole, and in particular about the editor and three other contributors, including myself. Unfortunately, instead of grounding his criticism on example and argument, he chose to use emotionally loaded words like 'scare' and 'infection', as well as phrases clearly devised to draw ridicule on the contributors from those who had not seen the book for themselves. Mr. Hough simply asserts, without giving any of the evidence on which his assertions could be judged. If this is his kind of criticism, it is hardly surprising that he found *The Modern Age* unsatisfactory. He is not in a position to complain about 'profusions of unsupported judgments'.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

A. H. GOMME

The Valiant Years

Sir,—On the completion of the first showing of 'The Valiant Years' you published a criticism of it by Mr. Reginald Pound (August 10, 1961). This was one of the strangest, and saddest, pieces of denigration I have ever encountered. I do not know whether you received many letters of protest—not one was published. Well, the second showing is now over. I assume that I represent thousands who would wish to pay tribute to this achievement. It will never be surpassed. The impact upon the memory and imagination of this history play is so great that mere praise is plainly impossible. But a word of gratitude may be in place.

Yours, etc.,

Ewell

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

[On August 17 we published a two-column letter from Mr. D. G. Bridson, who was the B.B.C. producer seconded to the American Broadcasting Company during the making of 'The Valiant Years'. We received other letters, which were not published, agreeing with Mr. Pound's criticism. But we are happy now to publish the tribute by Mr. Collis to this American television series.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER AND B.B.C. TELEVISION REVIEW.]

Mr. J. Jones, whose letter was printed last week, was not a student from Nigeria, as stated, but from Sierra Leone.

Whitaker's Almanac for 1962, the ninety-fourth annual edition, includes illustrations of H.M. the Queen's tour of Asian countries, the wedding of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent and the inauguration of President Kennedy. Other features—in addition to all the usual material—include details of the Sixteenth Census of England and Wales, information on space flights, and a selected list of the more important museums and art-galleries outside London. There are three editions: the complete edition, over 1,190 pages, cloth-bound at 21s.; the shorter edition, over 600 pages, paper-bound at 11s. 6d.; and the library edition (available from December 12), leather-bound, with coloured maps, at 37s. 6d.

* * *

The thirteenth edition of *Who's Who in the Theatre* (Pitman, £5 5s.) has been edited by Freda Gaye. The book contains a number of photographs and over 1,500 pages of information.

Growing Clove-scented Carnations from Seed

By R. GARDNER

IT IS NOT generally known that deliciously fragrant carnations can be raised from seed and flowered in the open garden. They are much cheaper to establish than other types of carnation which can normally be obtained only from rooted cuttings. The flowers are more abundant and the season of flowering, in the south of England at least, is longer than that of the well-known border carnations and, given an open sunny situation, flowers may be had in quantity from May until October.

The suitable kinds can be divided into two groups: the biennials comprising those which should be sown in April or May for flowering in the summer of the following year, and the annuals, *i.e.*, those which should be sown under glass in December or January for planting into the open in April. Alternatively, varieties of this second group may be sown in a seed bed in early August in the open ground and the seedlings moved to the flowering positions in September or October. Plants raised from seed may also be purchased for planting in the garden in autumn or spring.

The varieties of the biennial group are distinctive in that they form neat tufts of attractive grey-green foliage by the autumn, from which a wealth of flower is produced over the late spring and summer. The flowering season is much longer than that of the garden pink. The flowers have the same perfume, reminiscent of cloves. The plants of this group can be flowered for more than one season, as botanically they are of perennial habit, but as the growth in subsequent seasons becomes straggly it is better to raise, or to buy in, new stock each year.

The earliest flowering of the biennial type is the variety known as Early Dwarf Vienna. A range of beautiful colours, including a few yellows, will be obtained from a packet of mixed seed and there will be a percentage of single and semi-double dianthus-like blooms among them. This variety has the shortest and stiffest stems of any of those mentioned, and it can be grown in a window box or used for bedding with a minimum of support.

The Grenadin carnation is similar in form to the Early Dwarf Vienna, except that the stems are several inches longer and flowering begins about two weeks later. Self coloured varieties are available of this type in addition to stocks of mixed colours.

In the annual group there are two types, both of French origin, which are especially covetable: the *Enfant de Nice* and the *Chabaud*. All bear larger and fuller flowers than the biennial kinds and are strongly and deliciously perfumed. They can suffer, however, from splitting of the calyx—the green sheath which envelops the flower bud prior to opening, and which when intact holds the petals in neat symmetrical form during

the flower's life. The tendency to splitting seems to be less in some of the most recent varieties, such as *Giant of Nice*. It can also be avoided or reduced by using sufficient nitrogen in the fertilizer treatment and by watering well during dry spells.

All varieties mentioned in this group should

thinly, say a quarter of an inch apart when sowing in drills, or half an inch each way if broadcast or when using pots or boxes. It should be covered with a quarter to half an inch of fine soil or compost. Most ordinary garden soils can be made to serve very well for seed raising and for the subsequent growth and flowering of the plants; otherwise, John Innes No. 1 potting compost can be recommended for seed sowing and for subsequent growing on of the seedlings.

It will be advisable to take special care of the seedlings where the flower garden is on heavy or stony soil, or where it is slug infested. They should then be grown on to larger size before planting. For this purpose the seedlings should be handled as soon as three to four leaves have formed, that is the two first-formed cotyledons or seed leaves, together with one or two of the true pointed leaves, which will form between the cotyledons.

Annual and biennial carnations are, however, surprisingly hardy, and on good soils and where the seed is sown in April, May, or August, and slugs are controlled with the aid of pelleted metaldehyde, the seedlings can be left in their seedling quarters until three or more true leaves have formed. They can then be set directly into their flowering quarters. An exception should be made in cold localities, however, where the *Chabaud* and *Nice* types raised from August sowings would be safer if over-wintered in frames or under cloches. Contrary to popular belief carnations do not need much lime in the soil, although they will grow well on chalky soils; lime should not be added unless the soil is too acid for normal plant growth, *i.e.*, pH below 6.0. Feeding of the plants consists of applying John Innes base fertilizer at

four ounces per square yard before planting.

—Based on a talk in 'In Your Garden' (Network Three)

The price of *Delphiniums*, by Ronald Parrett (Penguin Handbook), reviewed last week, is 7s. 6d.



Mixed Chabaud carnations

be disbudded if the finest flowers are to be obtained. This consists of removing all but the terminal bud from each stem, while the buds are quite small. In early life the growing point of the leading shoot of each plant should also be pinched back to about eight leaves from the base.

The *Chabaud* type was originally developed by the French botanist, Professor Chabaud, in the eighteen-seventies. Subsequent improvements have produced a wonderful range of self- and bi-coloured varieties. The type known as *Enfant de Nice* is a more recent development, and the foliage and habit is rather more attractive than the *Chabaud* varieties.

Depending upon circumstances, the seed of any of these types may be sown in a seed bed in the open, under a frame or cloche, or in a box or pot for standing in a greenhouse or a window-sill of the dwelling-house. Carnation seed will germinate at temperatures as low as 45° Fahrenheit, and artificial heat is therefore seldom required. The seed should be sown

Innocence

She saw like a child the gentle bulls
Gambol in innocent pastures,
Blackbirds sang for her and on the lawn
The rapacious thrush swung his inquisitive head
Not listening for worms but to meet her artless
gaze;
Cats arched their rumps and rubbed sensuously
Not hoping for fish but in sheer affection:
It was only in humans she saw savagery,
Gored, trampled, and spurned by a world
Guilty and suspicious, hating her innocence.

B. G. ASHTON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence. Edited by E. W. Tedlock. Heinemann. 42s.

Reviewed by SIR RICHARD REES

PEN IN HAND, Frieda Lawrence did not always do herself justice; nevertheless her book is an event. We are all in Professor Tedlock's debt for the care with which he has put it together, but only those who know Frieda's total insouciance about punctuation will appreciate how hard he must have worked. The book contains 120 pages of scarcely disguised autobiographical sketches, a few short essays, and about 250 pages of correspondence—mostly Frieda's own letters but also some from her friends.

'You are like the wild geese that fly overhead and honk their wild call and the tame geese on the ground hear them, would like to rise and fly with them, but they can't'. Colonel von Marbahr, who wrote these words to Frieda just before the second world war, had not seen her since she was seventeen, in the eighteen-nineties, but he continued to write to her after the war until his death. In some people's lives this would seem extraordinary, but not in Frieda's. For von Marbahr was right. She showed you up as a tame goose, and she was unforgettable. But to make this impression, which Lawrence, whom I never met, seems also to have made, of belonging to a different and freer species is liable to arouse resentment; and all the more so if you behave accordingly. The result of her meeting D. H. Lawrence in 1912 was tragedy for her admirable first husband, whose painfully moving letters to Frieda and her parents are published here. And there were always voices, and not only of jealous women, to suggest that she was spoiling Lawrence's life as well. This second charge can certainly not be maintained. If any proof is still needed at this date that she was indispensable to Lawrence and did for him what, quite possibly, no other woman could have done, it is here in her fascinating correspondence with Middleton Murry. The letters they began to write one another when he was in his late fifties and she in her middle sixties are essential reading for students of Lawrence, many of whom they will astonish, and more especially those who have been taken in by the legend of Murry as Lawrence's 'Judas'. After agreeing with Murry that there was something inexplicable in the strain of hatred in Lawrence, Frieda goes on to comment on one of Murry's articles about him:

That part of your article: 'partly an impassioned endeavour to find a way of life for humanity. This effort of Lawrence's has never been taken seriously enough, because it is too disturbing'. There you have it in a nutshell. That was his significance for me. His way of loving. And nobody saw it, and surely it is something!

It is conceivable that Murry and Frieda are the only two people who have ever taken Lawrence seriously enough, though many have made him a pretext for taking themselves too seriously.

But, in a general way, over-seriousness was not one of Frieda's weaknesses, and although it cannot be said that her literary efforts are very accomplished they have the same simplicity and

wholesomeness as her letters, though less wisdom and humour. 'I am a lucky old woman!' she says several times in her letters, and even the most envious tame goose could hardly feel a grudge. Nevertheless, since most things in life have to be paid for, let us try to read the debit side of her ledger. Were Lawrence and Frieda governed too much by 'selfish will', as a quite sensible critic not long ago asserted? It is true that Lawrence took her away from her children. But the children grew up and loved her. Then is it also true that she interfered in Lawrence's work, monopolized him, encouraged him to wander in exile through a fool's paradise of 'vines, olives and vices', when he ought to have stayed at home and fought the good fight? She could answer all these charges simply by pointing to the work he did. And yet—there are penalties for exile, and I think Frieda paid hers in the form of an occasional and very uncharacteristic false note. In personal relations a false note from her would be inconceivable. But I think one can sometimes detect it when she comments on general affairs. Writing from America to her son in London just before the war:

You have a bigger field for your activity and may become a power in the land, necessary too these days.

And two comments during the war:

Perhaps if this horror is over it will be better. It is hard to hang on to one's own reality and decency, but one must.

Angie works away at his pottery but is distressed about poor Italy, it is a mess.

But this sort of perfunctoriness entirely misrepresents her. The truth about her was spoken by her doctor, who said: 'You are a great woman with your simplicity and humility'. Frieda 'nearly fell off her chair' and was particularly staggered that he should think her humble. But that only proves how right he was.

The Death of Tragedy. By George Steiner. Faber. 30s.

Mr. Steiner doesn't really believe tragedy is dead. His title is bait for an audience that wouldn't think a mere decline at all interesting. The tragedy he has in mind as ideal is that of Shakespeare and the Greeks, where the hero is punished cruelly in excess of guilt. Such punishment, he believes, was acceptable as part of the natural order when man's vision admitted gods, daemonic forces, whose ruinous descent on the individual could neither be fully explained by reason nor avoided by common prudence. But, as the human world-view changed, so too did the conception of tragedy. From the seventeenth century, after Shakespeare and Racine, there is a decline. Only with Ibsen, Mr. Steiner suggests, does anything like true tragedy return to drama, and Ibsen's plays 'presuppose the withdrawal of God from human affairs'. The reason given for the intermediate decline is precisely that God is brought into human affairs. The tragic element of 'otherness' in the world and in man is discounted. 'God' becomes a component in empirical rationalism, another actor, quite a reasonable fellow and always open to the persuasion of good intent, as Goethe's Faust con-

veniently discovered. Mr. Steiner, as he surveys the peaks of European dramatic literature since the seventeenth century, lets fall many pertinent observations on such topics as verse and prose in tragedy, the rise of the novel, the effect of mercantilism on literary form, the persistent influence of Shakespeare and the Greeks. It is odd that, while Lessing is duly honoured, there is no reference at all to J. G. Herder, whose writings would have given Mr. Steiner the bridge he needs between Sophocles and Shakespeare. This book is a product of enthusiasm. As prose it is splendid, as an attitude of mind it is worthy of respect.

IDRIS PARRY

Empire. By Richard Koebner. Cambridge. £2 5s.

The Break-up of the Habsburg Empire 1914-1918. By Z. A. B. Zeman. Oxford. 30s.

On the last occasion that I saw Professor Koebner he told me with delight that he was shocking most of his compatriots and foreign friends, as well as many of his English friends, by declaring that he admired the British Empire. It is sad that he has not lived to receive the admiration that will be given by all his friends to his work on *Empire*, and sadder still that he was not able himself to finish the second volume, covering the period that interested him most.

His book is called *Empire*; but it is with the British Empire that he is really concerned. He begins by giving the Roman concept of 'imperium', in its double sense of governmental power and territorial dominion. There follows a chapter on the 'imperium sacrum' of the Middle Ages, which is the least satisfactory part of the book. He accepts the traditional view of German historians and does not allow for the glamour and influence of the Empire of Constantinople. Then comes the Renaissance, and the Humanists' pragmatic identification of 'imperium' with territorial aggrandizement, and the alternative definition used by Henry VIII when he claimed to have an Imperial Crown, as supreme head of his realm, owing allegiance to no one.

Henceforward Britain is the theme. The British, in spite of Henry VIII, were not themselves ready to conceive of a British Empire till the Scottish crown was united with the English; and the idea was strengthened by the Act of Union of 1707 which created Great Britain. Meanwhile maritime victories and British settlements and conquests overseas produced the notion that Britain had a special destiny as mistress of the seas. The would-be laureate John Dennis expressed contemporary opinion when he wrote of 'fair Britain Empress of the Main'.

The bulk of the book is taken up with the question of the American colonies and their ultimate secession. Professor Koebner describes fully the various suggestions put forward in particular by American thinkers in their attempt to give a working reality to the concept of the British Empire. He remarks incidentally that it was the leaders of Great Britain who characteristically were the last to discover that the name had any emotive power. Had they listened to the advice given by such men as Franklin,

Bernard or Otis, though each offered different solutions, the Empire might have survived in a reformed framework. As it was, the war and the American victory, combined with Burke's re-statement of theory and Adam Smith's attack on the old mercantile system, enforced a new assessment; which was reflected in the British government's treatment of Ireland, first over Grattan's Parliament and then over Union. The book closes with a brief but suggestive chapter of Napoleon's Empire, and the combined effect of the Napoleonic Wars and the rapid industrialization of Britain on the concept of Empire as reflected by Patrick Colquhoun and Robert Owen, and the beginning of a new Imperial era.

This brief summary cannot do justice to the rich contents of the book. It is not easy to read. The style is clear, but the matter is overcrowded, and the index provides no help whatsoever. But it is worth the effort, not only for the light thrown on the main theme but also for the suggestive ideas thrown out on almost every page, and incidentally the copious quotations from pamphlets and poems of all sorts with which it is embellished. We may look forward eagerly to the volume on the nineteenth century which Professor Koebner's pupil, Mr. H. D. Schmidt, is preparing from his notes.

Professor Koebner writes in the main of a growing Empire, Mr. Zeman of an Empire in disruption. He is a practical historian, with no use either for the sociological generalizations of the Marxists or for Chauvinistic claims of nationalists. He shows that before 1914 no one within the Austrian Empire expected and few desired its break-up; and as his story develops, the reader begins to realize that the fall of the Empire was due less to the activities of nationalist exiles and the Diktat of the victors in 1918 than to the ineptitude of the Imperial government when faced by the strain of a painful war, the demand of the military, and its own indecision and its misunderstanding of the problems of nationality. It is a melancholy story in which everyone seems to have been stupid or unscrupulous or both. But it helps to explain the sad mess that is Central Europe today.

STEVEN RUNCIMAN

The Life and Death of Radclyffe Hall

By Una, Lady Troubridge.

Hammond Hammond. 25s.

If two human beings can live together in love and kindness, understanding and peace, they are to be felicitated and—if one can use the word stripped of all evil content—envied. What comes so strongly out of Lady Troubridge's life of her friend Radclyffe Hall, which is also a history of their life together, is that they were happy and they were good. Miss Hall's *The Well of Loneliness* had its own sort of honesty but slight literary value. Nowadays it is in free circulation and readers must judge for themselves if it is not extraordinary the book was so highly praised by serious critics, especially foreign ones. The passage in Lady Troubridge's book about d'Annunzio's enthusiasm for it makes one smile, as also the literary life which then began to be 'lived up' by this kindly pair.

Smile, yes, but not with contempt. And not with contempt either when Lady Troubridge recounts the ups and downs of temperament, as Miss Hall's writing went well or did not, in the language of an *aide-de-camp* (and it was a bit of

a battlefield) to genius. What does it matter if the value of the writing was questionable? The pains of composition ring true enough, and also the kindness between them. And what a gay time they had; with plenty of money, plenty of pleasant houses, in England, France and Italy, plenty of dear dogs and dear horses and canaries; and nothing to worry about, even when war came, beyond fetching the beloved poodle back from France.

I admire Lady Troubridge's handling of her subject. She has excellent manners and never forces the reader into embarrassing intimacy. Some readers, less well mannered, may be disappointed by her admirable reticence; they must look elsewhere for a Lesbian document. The end of the story is of touching bravery. Miss Hall, endlessly it seems the victim of medical incompetence, found finally that cancer was the cause of her not feeling very well. Indeed she did not feel very well; her eyelashes grew inwards and operations proved useless; increasing weakness made writing a torment. So, in the end, of cancer she died. Lady Troubridge little stresses her own wisdom and patience. But these books of Miss Hall's were written and re-written, and 'bridge' novels, never meant to be published, were written; and all must be read aloud and again and again. But there was this love between them, and no tyranny on the one side and no servility on the other. Now she must miss her very much. But they were both Catholics, so hope to meet again. This book may seem to some a study in self-delusion. It does not seem so to me because out of whatever dreams they had came the realities of love and friendship. Good luck to them, one thinks. In a desperate world, in the fearful business of being a human creature, they made a corner for themselves and were happy.

STEVIE SMITH

Battles of the English Civil War

By Austin Woolrych. Batsford. 21s.

This is a useful addition to Batsford's attractive 'British Battles' series, and the first to tackle fighting actually on British soil. It deals not with a single engagement but with three, because, as Mr. Woolrych candidly admits, Marston Moor, Naseby, and Preston were small-scale affairs, none worth a whole book. Mr. Woolrych has read all the sources, walked over the ground, looked at maps and air-photographs and considered critically the previous accounts. His hard labour of love has been rewarded with a few new details and some corrections, nothing very startling. The true value of his book lies in his readiness to get out of the field into the council-chamber. He shows how the soldiers' squabbles were reflected as in a distorting mirror at Westminster and how the fruits of victory at Marston Moor rotted while the politicians manoeuvred. The issues are well brought out in his examination of the notorious dispute between 'independent' win-the-war Cromwell and the 'presbyterian' Earl of Manchester, with his maddening 'backwardness to all action'. Disunity at the centre and stubborn localism everywhere else—Mr. Woolrych might have had rather more to say about this—were thwarted only by the formation of the New Model Army. Its baptism at Naseby came soon, almost too soon, but luck (or Providence) tipped victory into the hands of men some of whom at least knew what they

were fighting for and loved what they knew. But the politicians, not a statesman among them, bungled the peace, to the delight of a king working to divide and rule. So there was a second civil war, culminating in the last of Mr. Woolrych's northern trinity, Preston. Success there was wholly the army's and though 'battered . . . harassed . . . and haggled', this time they meant to follow it up themselves. Parliament was purged and by January 1649 the handsome head of the promoter of last 'summer's business' was toppled into the snow. But still the sword had to stay out of the scabbard, even after Dunbar and Worcester, Cromwell's 'signal' and 'crowning' mercies. 'Peace hath her victories no less than those of war'—they are often somewhat harder to attain.

IVAN ROOTS

Letters from AE. Selected and edited by Alan Denson. Abelard-Schuman. 30s.

Poet and painter, journalist and editor, mystic and economist, George William Russell (1867-1935)—better known under the pseudonym of AE—was a central figure in the Irish literary revival. Mr. Denson's fascinating, if somewhat over-annotated, selection of AE's letters has clearly been a labour of love. Anyone interested in the Irish literary flowering, Irish affairs generally or the English-Irish relationship during the first third of the century, will find that these almost three hundred pages provide a useful commentary on attitudes and events not yet fully understood. Students of the co-operative movement ought to read what Russell says here about his experience of the co-operative farming experiment in Ireland. Indeed this aspect of his career was so highly regarded internationally that, during F. D. Roosevelt's first administration, Russell was invited by the Secretary of Agriculture to lecture on rural economy in the United States.

It can hardly be disputed that AE's versatility was the enemy of truly great achievement in any one field. His poetry is weak compared not only with that of W. B. Yeats, his 'oldest friend and enemy'—AE's own words—but that of, say, James Stephens. AE's prose, though serviceable and occasionally pungent, lacks the distinction of his friend George Moore's. Yet the more one knows about AE the more one is convinced of his personal greatness, a greatness that flowed primarily from his superb intellectual courage. After all, he impressed Dublin, a city with a more than average quota of mockers and destructive wits. AE was the best kind of old-fashioned Irish Protestant, abstemious, idealistic, practical. In 1917 he tells a correspondent: 'I have written Robinson at length and with the utmost seriousness on the Irish question on the lines of our memo'. (The reference is to Geoffrey Robinson, then editor of *The Times*. He later changed his name to Dawson.)

The Irish problem, in one form or another, we have always with us; and, if AE were still alive, lengthy epistles from 17 Rathgar Avenue, Dublin, would no doubt have been dispatched to Printing House Square, London, and Cross Street, Manchester, on the implications of the Commonwealth Immigration Bill. He would have said his say, too, on the nuclear threat and the Common Market. Yet as well as his public advocacy of good and often losing causes, AE found time to encourage artists of every kind.

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MACDONALD

He prided himself as a discoverer of poets. In 1903 he was writing to an American publisher:

One of the young writers Patrick Colum will I think be our next great literary figure in Ireland. He is only twenty-one and is teeming with ideas which crowd each other too much to allow of a perfect art at present. Another boy named Joyce writes perfect art poems as delicate and dainty as Watteau pictures...

Not the least important aspect of these AE letters is the light they throw on W. B. Yeats. There is an excellent letter, written in 1916, to George Moore which deals almost wholly with Yeats. Its few hundred words ought to be read by all those scholars who try to 'explicate' the Master in lengthy doctoral theses. AE knew Yeats inside out, both the man and the work. I remember being told by a friend of AE's that on one occasion AE quoted a few lines of poetry to make a point against Yeats. The Master was suitably, if reluctantly, impressed, and asked superciliously 'Who wrote that?' 'You did, Willie', replied AE—and won the argument.

ROBERT GREACEN

Principles of Government and Politics in the Middle Ages. By Walter Ullmann. Methuen 1961. 30s.

With what justification did the government in the Middle Ages claim and enforce the obedience of its subjects? Whence the authority that shaped and issued the law as an enforceable rule of action? Where did political sovereignty lie? The crude answer to these questions is that it belonged to emperors, kings, and barons in politics and to the popes in spiritual matters. All rulers alike looked back to the vanished *imperium* of the Roman Empire; and Thomas Hobbes even affirmed that 'the Papacy is not other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof'. Yet this is not the whole of the matter, for we have been taught by Bishop Stubbs that the origins of the modern liberty of the subject lie in the Mark System which populated ancient Germany and England with free warrior peasants, suspicious of kingship, and with an innate passion for equal justice. The Middle Ages then, despite its patient striving after the rule of law, is full of contradictions, which Dr. Ullmann here subjects to an elaborate analysis.

We can detect, he tells us, two conceptions of law and government diametrically opposed to each other. There is the ascending conception, according to which the law-creating power may be ascribed to the community or people—the populist theory. The idea of representation, that is the notion that public officers represent the community and act on its behalf, is a necessary part of this conception. Alternatively, there is the descending conception of government and law, according to which all subsidiary power is derived from God himself. According to this view power is delegated or derived from above, and there is no such thing as representation. There is thus 'no power but of God', and the plenitude of power enjoyed by each pope, however much buttressed by Roman Law, sprang from the fact that he was the immediate successor of St. Peter, and not of the previous holder of the papal office. Both these views were simultaneously operative, though the descending (theocratic) conception of sovereignty held sway from the Merovingian period to the close of the Middle Ages. By that time kings had assimilated

their status to that of the sovereign popes. The king became 'King by the grace of God', severing himself from dependence on the people and betaking himself into the proximity of divinity. In the later Middle Ages began the slow transformation by which the descending (theocratic) theme of government was—centuries later—superseded by the ascending.

Such is the thesis developed with unrivalled knowledge and almost boyish enthusiasm by Dr. Ullmann. Throughout he makes great use of semantics, attaching to the phrases used to describe authority in the Latin texts a very exact meaning. He has many interesting and challenging things to say about heresy, the Crusades, feudalism, the growth of the towns, as well, of course, as about Aristotle and the long line of political theorists. The arrangement of the work is in three parts: the Pope, the King, and the People; and perhaps wisely, he makes no attempt to translate the many Latin and German quotations into English. The book is thus primarily addressed to scholars. Yet the author's fervour and his flair for exposition can be guaranteed to hold the attention of any reader interested in the part played by political theory in practical politics and history.

Political theory has its dangers: and there are those who prefer their history in the round, complete with dates, since they distrust abstractions and hold all theory to be either wishful thinking or a sort of *post-factum* justification of events.

When Adam dived and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

Was this the age-long protest of the underprivileged or the recent invention of the more go-ahead peasantry in 1381? And what about the village community which some believe to have been an immemorial force in English society, while others think it only arose in the thirteenth century in imitation of the 'community' of the realm? And is it not arguable that the 'populist' theme was always active in real life, since whatever their theoretical prerogatives, both King and Pope were largely controlled by the tough cardinals or barons upon whom they really depended? It is precisely because it seems to raise these and similar questions that Dr. Ullmann's book is valuable, and no one can read it without deriving a more intimate feeling for the Middle Ages which, after all, have made us what we are today. But one must not take it too seriously. Rhetoric was still cultivated in the Middle Ages, and royal and papal chanceries adorned their documents with fine-sounding phrases. If the King called himself *rex dei gratia*, King by the Grace of God, the Pope described himself as 'servant of the servants of God'. And the one title, it may be suspected, meant just about as much as the other.

V. H. GALBRAITH

Castle in Italy. An Autobiography.

By Lina Waterfield. John Murray. 28s.

This book will give pleasure to those (and they are many) who knew Aubrey and Lina Waterfield during their long residence in the square fourteenth-century castle of Poggio Gherardo on the hillside of Settignano near Florence, or in the mountain fastness of Aulla, which was their first and her last 'castle in Italy'. This is the story of a gallant and unceasing struggle against insufficient income in spacious dwellings that required much capital outlay and upkeep. Today

the little houses have gone up in front of Poggio, and priestlings live in the castle.

Poggio Gherardo was inherited by Mrs. Waterfield from her aunt Mrs. Janet Ross (a great-niece of Austin, of jurisprudence fame) a fierce woman, who so disliked Aubrey that when she saw him painting a branch of a magnolia tree in her garden, she proceeded to cut it off. Had he continued the following day, her niece suggests that the great tree itself would probably have been sacrificed. Her niece is wilful too, and does not conceal the fact. She came to Poggio first as a child of sixteen. One is sometimes rather sorry for the gifted flower-painter whom she married, sometimes amazed at her energy and enterprise, writing a weekly message for *The Observer*, running a girls' academy, bringing up three children, and then facing the second war on crutches in London. Certainly she was a young beauty as Watts painted her, and Aubrey was as handsome as could be: dangerous gifts, when unaccompanied by a gainful profession.

The rather visitor-book-like mention of many titled folk makes the opening chapters (and later snibbery-snobbery lapses) tedious. Only when Mrs. Waterfield begins to observe the Italy around her in 1915, does the pen begin its lively sketches. Italy's difficult entry into the Kaiser's war, her own Florentine posters, the founding of the British Institute in Florence mainly by her efforts, the Genoa Conference in 1922 at which Lloyd George one evening told her that the news of the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo, (which had been signed concurrently in the little nearby seaport) had come to him 'as a bomb-shell'; the occasional quips and exchanges with Mussolini: all these are sketched with humour and bright colours.

There are little inaccuracies. The Berenson story has been written, so that it would have been easy to verify that Berenson was never up at Balliol, that he joined the Catholic Church before and not after his marriage, and that Mary Berenson died not before, but six months after, the liberation of Florence. Aubrey the painter could hardly have called Böcklin Brochlin, and Benedetto Croce certainly published *La Critica* through most of the dictatorship, but no *Rivista Politica*, and almost every Italian and French phrase has some small error in it. This is an autobiography, not in any sense a history of Italy, and such Italian events as are described are really sketched from that terrace at Poggio, after a day's sally into the market place below, or down into Rome for a night. None of the sketches is complete, nor can they be. Italy might have no engineers, factory hands, or southern poverty at all in this story: the birth of the Italian Communist Party goes unrecorded: the relationship of the English liberal lady and J. L. Garvin, her editor, is politically unclear, for he was really an admirer of Mussolini, and can have allowed her little freedom. Finally he broke with her, when she was right and he was wrong about Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure.

So the story should be read for its gaiety and courage (it is all courage after 1935, when Mrs. Waterfield fell and broke a hip bone). She was even unsuccessful with hens. Her broody ones would go for walks and she would rush in with a hot-water bottle, 'to try to do the job'. A fowl would be needed for guests, but if no one was available to kill it, Aubrey would be roped in and stalk it with his gun. One guest who

encountered the shot with his teeth, wondered. Lord Northcote called these two 'upper Bohemia', but it does not quite fit. Perhaps they were the last Anglo-Florentines.

SYLVIA SPRIGGE

Augustan Studies. By Geoffrey Tillotson.

The Athlone Press. 35s.

Professor Tillotson's new volume contains thirteen pieces of which five are printed for the first time and the remainder are revised versions of essays that deserve to be familiar to all students of eighteenth-century literature. His interest has always lain more in the poetry than in the prose of the period, and the present volume shows no change: only one major prose work, *Rasselas*, is given detailed consideration.

The word 'Augustan' in the title is therefore used with a slight shift in its customary meaning; at the same time it is made to cover a longer period of time than we are accustomed to associate with it. Augustan poetry is the 'poetry written by most poets from Elizabethan times into the nineteenth century'. Such a definition may at first appear inconveniently wide, but it has the advantage in Professor Tillotson's hands of demonstrating that the great eighteenth-century masters are in the main course of English poetry. This is perhaps the most valuable insight given us by those two classic studies of eighteenth-century poetic diction, first written some twenty years ago, which reappear in revised form at the beginning of this volume, and to which a third has now been added; these essays point to the inheritance of words into which the eighteenth-century poets entered, and the purposes for which the words were used. There is no more learned and sympathetic introduction to the subject, for an introduction it still remains in spite of its hundred pages; the diction of no one poet is exhaustively studied, but the continuity of the tradition could scarcely have been better demonstrated than by the four pages given to Tennyson, the only poet to be treated at length.

After diction come the related topics of sentence structure and versification, to which Professor Tillotson addressed himself in his British Academy Warton Lecture. Returning to this essay after thirteen years, one appreciates the sure and easy touch with which such a complicated issue as inversion of word order is handled. We then pass on to put into practice what we have learned by reading, under instruction, Pope's *Epistle to the Earl of Oxford*, two of Gray's odes, and Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, where we find that a topographical study is not only possible but rewarding.

Professor Tillotson is fond of the footnote. He cannot deny himself or his reader the pleasure of some choice detail that is not readily accommodated to his argument. Arising from a discussion of Johnson's disapproval of 'the blanket of the dark' in *Macbeth*, he tells us how Davenant rewrote what seems to have displeased him as much as Johnson; another footnote informs us how 'sneaking' was pronounced in Pope's day (though without recalling that the audience of *The School for Scandal* would have recognized Lady Sneerwell's secretary as at once a 'Snake' and a 'Sneak'). Perhaps he might have indulged himself a little further when quoting the lines from *The Ruins of Rome* in which Dyer's visitor hears 'Agbist

the voice of time, disparting tow'rs, Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd', since the passage might have served to fasten the somewhat recalcitrant Wordsworth more securely to the Augustan tradition. In this volume and elsewhere Professor Tillotson has shown how much Wordsworth owed to the diction and thought of his predecessors; but this passage from Dyer, which Wordsworth is known to have regarded as 'a beautiful instance of the modifying and investive power of imagination' was surely in his mind when he wrote the second half of one of his finest sonnets, 'Mutability':

Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

This is unmistakably Wordsworthian, but both in manner and in derivation it is 'Augustan' too, in Professor Tillotson's use of that term.

JOHN BUTT

The Chinese Revolution. By Tibor Mende.

Thames and Hudson. 18s.

Mr. Tibor Mende's history of the Chinese revolution takes it from its origins in the decay of the Manchu empire to the final triumph of the Communists in 1949. The late-nineteenth-century empire, ruled by an extravagant and prejudiced old woman, was unable to save itself from the humiliation and fury of its subjects and the mounting greed of foreign countries, each of them afraid that their rivals might steal a mouthful ahead of them in their dismemberment of China's seemingly dying body. (Later the United States and the Soviet Union both showed occasional moderation and apparent qualms of conscience about their Chinese policy. Britain and France followed Japan throughout the inter-war period in continuing to grab what they could get.) The imperial civil service, the mandarins, selected by a nation-wide examination of Confucian classics, could not give the country the leadership it needed in developing new armies, new sciences, and new economic policies. Instead this lead had to come largely from the overseas Chinese communities in south-east Asia and in America who were Sun Yat-sen's most useful supporters before his successful overthrow of the Manchus in 1911.

Sun was an idealist and an inspirer of young men rather than a practical politician; and the men who profited by his revolution, Yuan Shih-kai, who tried to make himself emperor, the warlords, and Chiang Kai-shek, the leader of the Kuomintang after 1927 generally ignored his principles. Mr. Mende shows the Kuomintang as increasingly corrupt, married to large-scale capitalism and the landlord interest, ignoring the Chinese peasant's growing poverty, and spineless in the face of Japanese aggression. With such an alternative government Chinese Communism with its programme of land re-distribution, its moderation during the Yennan days towards small landlords, and its calls for national unity against the Japanese, won increasing support from all classes.

Mr. Mende's book is particularly useful in his account of the post-1945 negotiations between the Kuomintang, the Chinese Com-

munists and the uneasily hesitant Russians and Americans. At the end of the war Stalin apparently still did not take the Chinese Communists seriously as a future power in China, and he was bound by treaty to Chiang Kai-shek. The Americans actually in China realized the hopelessness of continued government on the old model under Chiang, but they were shackled by public opinion in the U.S.A. Mr. Mende's material here, as in the rest of his book, is mainly not new, but he has collected it in a convenient and readable form.

LOIS MITCHISON

Experiences in Groups and Other Papers.

By W. R. Bion. Tavistock Publications. 20s.

Working with Groups. By Josephine Klein.

Hutchinson. 35s.

When two books are published with titles so similar, one wonders why this is so and what the differences, such as they are, signify. Since the war there has been considerable interest in examining small groups of people in action together, as it is here that the disciplines of psychology and sociology meet.

Dr. Bion's book is a collection of articles on small groups that he has published separately before, the bulk having appeared between 1948 and 1952 in the journal *Human Relations*. Preceding them there is a paper describing his early attempts in the army to get a group of patients to make a group-study of their own tensions; and the book concludes with a chapter in which he tries to use some of the developments in psycho-analysis initiated by the work of Melanie Klein. The heart of the book is a lively description of the kind of predicament met with in a small group when the leader fails to lead in the way expected of him, and when the structure needed for the performance of the task in hand has yet to be discovered. In most such situations in social life precedent and experience are quickly brought to bear by all concerned to solve these problems, and then no more is heard about them for some time. But in the kind of group described by Dr. Bion, an effort is made, at least by himself, to study the various solutions attempted from the point of view of detecting unacknowledged aims which the members of the group appear to have in common and to be using as a basis of their action together.

This approach to the activity of small groups has much in common with that of the psychoanalyst in his consulting room when he studies the rather special group of two that is frequently to be found there: namely, that consisting of the patient and himself. But the question arises, what terms are most useful for describing the activity of groups, and what frames of reference are most appropriate? At this point the difference in the titles of the two books becomes significant. Dr. Bion speaks as one involved in the group processes, and turns naturally to the disciplines of history and psycho-analysis for his terms of reference. Dr. Josephine Klein speaks as someone observing them from the outside and so uses the concepts of social psychology.

Working with Groups is a brief, up-to-date and fairly comprehensive introduction to the social psychology of discussion and the making of decisions. It draws together most of the experimental work, largely American, done in this field since the war in a way that is well suited to the sober student. Alas, despite the clarity of

argument and the economy of expression this student cannot have been sober enough, as he found the book distressingly stodgy. At one point the author suggests that 'it is amusing and instructive to apply the ideas born in the lab to the practical working of a committee'. But this student much prefers the asperity, wit, and disarming rigour of Dr. Bion. It is therefore depressing to reflect that although *Experiences in Groups* has stimulated much discussion and

has influenced many people's approach to their participation in groups, it has not so far greatly influenced the precise experimental work that is being done in the laboratories of human relations. No such charge, however, can be laid against the approach presented by Dr. Klein: reports are being published at a furious pace. It is an open question whether we can learn about how groups reach decisions, and how they are obstructed in doing so, quickly enough to forestall

the total destruction of all knowledge that has been made possible by technical advances in other sciences. We must therefore bid all workers in this field Godspeed, and hope that in their efforts to be precise they do not underestimate the unconscious wishes which are so powerfully expressed by people in groups and which have given Dr. Bion cause for such serious and penetrating thought.

ROBERT GOSLING

The Market in Art

The Economics of Taste. By Gerald Reitlinger. Barrie and Rockliff. 42s.

Art on the Market. By Maurice Rheims. Translated by David Pryce-Jones. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

Sotheby's 217th Season, 1960-1. Sotheby's. 35s.

International Art Sales. Edited by George Savage. Studio Books. 42s.

'WITHIN THE PAST twenty-five years the value of high-class art has quintupled'—the words are Mr. William Agnew's shortly after the National Gallery's purchase for £70,000 of Raphael's 'Ansidei Madonna'. The year is 1884. Hitherto the most expensive sum ever given for a single picture had been £24,600, the price paid by the Louvre for Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception'. And what a gulf there was between them 'in point of educative value', as Mr. Agnew pointed out.

These facts have been recorded by Mr. Reitlinger in a book full of absorbing information. There are, inevitably, quite a number of mistakes, and at times a rather smug conviction that today's (or rather, yesterday's—for Mr. Reitlinger is not wholly up to date) value judgments about the Old Masters are final and that our ancestors who thought otherwise are somewhat laughable. None the less his is by far the most interesting and well-informed of the many studies that seem to have been inspired by the sensational publicity given to art auctions over the last few years and it raises a number of significant issues.

Eighteen-eighty-four, in fact, marks the starting point of the process with which we are now so familiar—the extremely high prices paid for Old Masters. The reason for this date is simple enough. Two years earlier the Settled Lands Act, passed in response to the ruinous agricultural crisis that had followed the opening up of the American prairies, made possible the final dissolution of the great landed estates and accumulated heirlooms of the English aristocracy. It was here that were to be found by far the finest collections of pictures still in private hands. At the same time the brilliantly directed German museums, powerful banking families such as the Rothschilds, and the giant capitalists of America were all anxious and freely able to make up for the lost opportunities that had once been so eagerly seized by the English. Since then the process has continued with only short interruptions due to slumps and wars. Nor have present prices been wholly exceptional. After all, in 1921 Henry Huntingdon paid £148,000 for Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy', the equivalent of more than half a million pounds at today's rate. Compared with that Rembrandt's

sublime 'Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer' which was recently sold for £821,000 was something of a bargain.

It is, however, questionable how far a history

any time over the last forty or fifty years. This dichotomy, and sometimes even conflict, between the taste of the very rich and that of the 'experts' can at least partly be related to the circumstances that have already been described. When the great English houses were thrown open towards the end of the last century the pictures they contained had all been acquired very much earlier, for few, if any, of the leading aristocratic families had been able or willing to continue buying Old Masters after the effects of the Industrial Revolution had altered the balance of wealth in the country. This meant that there was a sudden resurgence of those very eighteenth-century favourites—Rubens, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Lawrence—against which Ruskinian and pre-Raphaelite taste had so hardened. Nor does the appeal of such pictures to the new millionaires need much explaining, or even justifying—for millionaires are no more always 'wrong' than critics are always 'right'. They do, however, usually have different opinions, and the value of Mr. Reitlinger's book would have been much enhanced if he had recorded for us some of the contemporary critical reactions to the extraordinary phenomena he describes.

About the prices paid for moderns he is extremely interesting, and here, too, many people will be surprised at some of his conclusions. Thus in 1874 Holman Hunt was paid £11,000 for 'The Shadow of the Cross', and Millais claimed that he was able to earn £40,000 a year. The equivalent figures today would be nearly £70,000 and £240,000, and it is extremely unlikely that any artist in the world could reach them. No doubt those who paid prices of this order for their Millais, Landseers, and Alma-Tademas were suitably contemptuous of the Americans, Jews, and Germans who fought for the Rubenses and Van Dycks that left our shores.

A new book by M. Maurice Rheims, the well-known Paris auctioneer, covers every aspect of art collecting, past and present. It is amiable, vulgar, sometimes shrewd, and contains some very entertaining stories. Two plentifully illustrated year-books record the prices at some of the more important sales in England and abroad during the last year's season.

FRANCIS HASKELL



Holman Hunt's 'The Shadow of the Cross', in the City Art Gallery, Manchester

From 'The Economics of Taste'

of taste can be based exclusively, or even largely, on a survey of comparative prices. The variables—authenticity, condition, etc.—are too many. Besides, it needs only a couple of millionaires to create a wholly artificial situation in no way related to opinion in other circles. The fabulous prices paid for English eighteenth-century portraits just before and after the first war or the Impressionists in more recent years have not corresponded to a serious revaluation of these works. If anything, it is probably true to say that 'fashionable' opinion among artists and critics alike is today less enthusiastic about the Impressionists, and even Cézanne, than at

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Homage to Catalonia

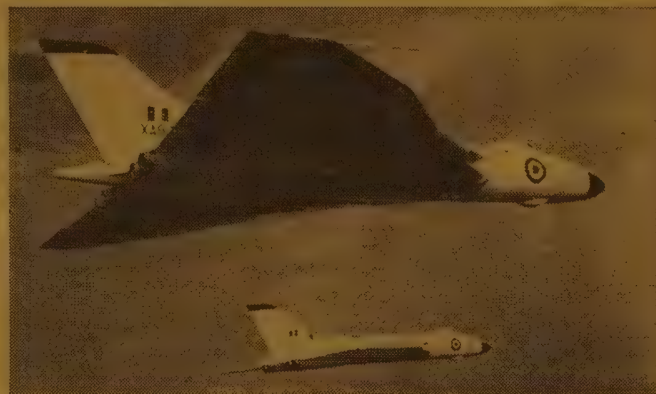
'MONITOR' (December 3), introduced by Huw Wheldon nervously picking his finger-nails, gave us an urbane talk by David Piper on portraiture and photography, some glimpses of *Big Soft Nellie* which did not encourage one to go to see the play, an interview with the dramatist Henry Livings by H. A. L. Craig, as life-giving and thoughtful as an oxygen cylinder, and a study of the very strange architecture of Antonio Gaudi (1853-1926), that problematic genius whose masterpiece is the unfinished church of the Holy Family in Barcelona.

The Gaudi sequence was the most exciting, Wheldon's most telling comparison was the comparison between the rocks around the monastery of Montserrat and Gaudi's 'dripping stone', featured in so much of his work. Surely he was no architect. He was a literary sculptor who worked in buildings, convents, dwelling houses and cathedrals; a *fantaisiste* who saw in Catalanian rock shapes the divine archetypes for the buildings which he designed in their harmony.

Wheldon, putting the cart before the horse,

ball. The trump of threatened devaluation was not revealed till later in the week and was promptly retracted. If I were a trade unionist, I would find it hard to trust a Chancellor who did not discover there was an economic crisis till the day after surtax incidence was raised from £2,000 to £5,000 *per annum*.

Problems of hastily signed hire-purchase agreements were discussed with that sympathetic



In 'Alert', a documentary programme on Britain's defence: two delta-wing four-jet Avro Vulcans of R.A.F. Bomber Command

domestic interviewer John Morgan revealing the pressure tactics of house-to-house hire-purchase canvassing. Mr. Gibson Jarvie admitted that except on motor-car and bicycle sales there was a good case for a seven-day interval of reflection before the agreement was signed.

'Tonight' was in fine form. Fyfe Robertson, looking more than ever like a minor prophet, continued his harassing probe of Israel, exploring the Arab-Israeli problem in Nazareth and the dislike felt by Zionists for American Jews who go to Israel to see how their money is being spent and then tell the Zionists they aren't idealistic enough. Macdonald Hastings on November 30 delivered a startling report on the fire-bug of Chard, Somerset. But scoop of the week went to Christopher Brasher who



Christopher Brasher, in 'Tonight', pointing to a constructional fault in one of the houses he visited in an estate near Manchester during the programme on November 29

The Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 'Panorama'



John Cura

visited a new housing estate at Gatley outside Manchester, the contribution of Lawfield Estates Ltd. to the 400,000 better houses a year needed. Out of 400 houses planned, 100 have already been built. The method employed, we were told,

was to pay workers by quantity, not quality. The programme indicated instances where that plumbing unions were not joined, houses flooded when taps were turned on. In some cases it appeared that walls split so that the light in one bedroom shone through to the next. To each of two house-purchasers the builder was alleged to have confessed that his house was the worst he had ever built. No representative of Lawfield Estates Ltd. would consent to appear; but a written assurance was given that the houses would be brought to the standard which the company felt adequate. One householder complained that having had his lawn sown he had to have it dug up

for the insertion of a statutory inspection trap. The B.B.C. report on Britain's Defence, 'Alert' (November 28), was so filled with gadgetry that I could not determine more than that the service chiefs and their subordinates were young, confident, unbellicose but prepared to keep peace by readiness to involve us all in disaster if need arose. In a discussion of this programme between Mr. Harold Watkinson and Mr. George Brown in 'Gallery' (November 30), I was not impressed by Mr. Brown's desire to scrap Thor missiles, while keeping the nuclear-headed V-bombers. They may be vulnerable, but at the moment V-bombers plus Thor-missiles would surely be more effective than minus Thor-missiles.

'Bookstand' (November 28), capriciously shifted to the Tuesday ghetto, had one memorable item, Michael Foot talking with passion and eloquence about William Hazlitt. Eric Ashby's 'Look' at the New Forest, in 'The Silent Watcher' (December 1) was beautifully filmed, though Peter Scott's comments could have been less obtrusive. Finally, to make honourable amends to 'Let's Imagine', 'A Fresh Start in Life' (December 1), compered by Kenneth Horne, was continuously interesting, even the young woman who had become another person by changing her name and the colour of her hair.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

DRAMA

Politics of Stooping

She Stoops to Conquer (November 26) has had a harsh reception from some of my fellow critics, which is puzzling, as it is much the best play we have seen for some weeks. I guess that they were against the play and its ancient reputation more than the production.

As a young person I managed to admire Goldsmith heartily and deplore this comedy. This was because I objected on principle to



From 'Monitor' on December 3: Gaudi's church of the Holy Family, in Barcelona

tried to enlist our interest in Gaudi's work by its influence on Picasso. It is more interesting in itself, but since Picasso provides the fashionable introduction, it is journalistically excusable. The photography as such was fascinating, but I was left with the impression that as an architect Gaudi would have been a great stage designer.

The Tory-Labour debate continues. In an interview in 'Tonight' on November 22, Mr. Clive Jenkins had jubilantly announced that the pay pause was smashed. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in 'Panorama' on November 27 stated the Conservative view of the national situation as of that date. Government could not compel capital or labour to show a sense of responsibility. He pleaded for all sections to observe the national interest and refused James Mossman's invitations to say what Government would do if persuasion failed to induce the T.U.C. to play

good-hearted louts like Lumpkin, considered that no girl stooped in any sense by being a barmaid, disapproved of arranged marriages involving property, and was offended by rude jests about old women dressing themselves up to be fashionable.

There are some period audience-pleasing crudities in the play, but I can see now that for a man of his time Goldsmith hedged very respectably on the class-conscious jollities and that his beaux and ladies were less rawly on the make than the admired lovers of his contemporaries. And his observation of the agonies of social embarrassment stands up very well. Marlow's ability to be boldly amorous only with ladies of the lower orders has been perceived by foreigners to be a genteel English characteristic even in the twentieth century. There is, indeed, some of Goldsmith himself in the man. Johnson's comment that he talked like poor Poll and various catty remarks of the well-bred Boswell about Oliver trying to impress in company, suggest that Marlow's stammering, stilted conversation among persons of quality was a piece of self-irony.

The playing of the formally sentimental passages by Derek Jacobi and Daphne Slater was elegantly timed; and Dinsdale Landen made Tony forgivable, particularly when denouncing his intended as 'a bitter, cantankerous toad',

all things clear. The consistency with which all thefts of paintings are announced as the work of experts—'because they stole only the most valuable works'—is a regular sorrow to all professional art critics. Chaps who only really wanted saleable lead and a bit of canvas to cover their shed made a nice change.

The Terrorists by Hugh Vaughan Williams (December 1), produced a fair degree of steam heat. We were told that the author had experience of the later days of the trouble in Malaya and his nerve-racked, conscience-stricken, bored and sadistic soldiers were probable enough as people. The half-hearted love interest unfortunately added little to the development of character or to the tension of the situation.

There seems little difference between routine American and British light entertainment shows. I thought the *Gene Kelly Show* (November 26) was going to be exceptional on the strength of its first production number, but despite pious memories of good film work by the star, Donald O'Connor, and Carol Lawrence, it proved to be verbally pedestrian and visually drab. *The Billy Cotton Band Show* (December 2) was no worse and no better—though the piano-playing Mrs. Mills is a charmer.

Shelley Berman's *Personal Appearance* (December 3) was a most remarkable one-man turn. He drew our attention to his 'poise' and we duly admired it. He was witty as well as arrogant, but his material did not survive

being stretched out to three-quarters of an hour. At a third of this length he would have been excellent. I must postpone comment on *Somewhere for the Night* to next week.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Modern Morality

THE EXTENT to which the more audacious radio producers have now conditioned the listener may be gauged by Archie Campbell's brilliant adaptation and production of William Golding's *Pincher Martin* (Third, December 1). The hero is a drowned sailor, visited in his interval of purgatory by the memory of teachers, friends, and enemies. Mr. Golding employed a similar tactic in his *Free Fall* which was also successfully conveyed on the radio by Donald McWhinnie. From the practical point of view, Mr. Campbell's task was harder than Mr. McWhinnie's because his production had to convey the reality of a Purgatory to listeners who



Derek Jacobi as Marlow and Daphne Slater as Kate Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*

do not necessarily believe in the existence of such a thing. The acceptance of the convention, which is not I think completely achieved when one reads the book, was made easy by Mr. Campbell. The novel was chosen to represent Mr. Golding in the work of 'The Fifties'. Mr. Golding's dates of publication make him a 'fifties' writer but his concern over personal moralities, which hardly seem to worry his amoral contemporaries, place him on his own. His characters all had their childhood before the war. They are equipped with a moral sense and defined senses of good and evil. They belong in fact to the generation which was brought up to believe in a set of fixed ideals only to find them shattered by the experience of war.

Martin's purgatory has therefore only a limited meaning to Mr. Golding's contemporaries in publication, who for the most part



Richard Shaw (left) as Sergeant Rutter and Philip Bond as Second-Lieutenant Hargreaves in *The Terrorists*

and reflecting on the splendours of 'Bet Bouncer of these parts'. Overplaying and sad bursts of that 'Shakespearean' laughter used by actors when they have been told that the dialogue used to be funny broke out around Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. It may be inevitable. The set and the dress of the host and hostess struck me as over-rich. The idea may have been to hint a parallel with those road-houses today which are more stately than any stately home, but this only occurred to me afterwards.

On its first two instalments, *A Chance of Thunder* (November 29) does not impress me as compelling or memorable. There is suitable shooting and the pursuit of hidden bombs and fair ambiguity in the motives of hunters and hunted. But I am not confident of being able to pick up the thread in the coming weeks.

Jacks and Knaves, however, shows signs of becoming a regular minor pleasure with a flavour of its own. *The Great Art Robbery* (November 30) was as credible as fiction though based on a real case, and it was nice to have art thieves and their pursuers being so splendidly ignorant and baffled until accident made



Shelley Berman who was seen in a 'Personal Appearance' on B.B.C. Television last Sunday

grew up to know that the ideals were shattered. The general acceptance of a fixed moral code is a necessary adjunct to an appreciation of Mr. Golding's *Morality* novel and it would by no means be a bad thing if this acceptance that he demands became the rule and not the exception. Mr. Golding is, I think, the link in the chain of literary development that was stretched to breaking point by the distractions of the war. He advances beyond the point where Graham Greene became a journalist and Cyril Connolly gave us his despair in the person of Palinurus. He was published in 'The Fifties' but he is heir to a revered and noble ancestry. Alan Badel acted his Pincher Martin and was assisted by some good effects and the music of Christopher Whelen which did not obtrude but made dramatic point well.

The tale of the silent woman who becomes a squawking shrew on marriage has been the basis of many a respected comedy since dramatists were invented. Ben Jonson gave the tale new clothes for his audience of 1609 and Raymond Raikes, with his unerring sense of period, served up again his production of *The Silent Woman* (Home, November 27) for the 'National Theatre of the Air' series. Jonson's twist of the original theme has Morose, a rich man, who dislikes noise, married to a woman who inevitably is noisy.

He is gulled into the marriage by his nephew who wants to inherit his money and who naturally has to persuade him of the follies of marriage. The plot succeeds, but on the way to Morose's forswearing of the marriage bed Jonson makes comic play of the manners of his time, and infers that his Jacobean were already familiar with social follies that Shaw and Strindberg would have us believe were minted in the late nineteenth century. The society in the process of evolution in the late sixteenth century was already familiar with the college of ladies newly emancipated, and the antics of the hen-pecked Otter must have struck a known chord in Jonson's audiences. Mistress Otter is no shrew in the medieval sense; she is a more sophisticated creature. The ascendancy of the male was, it seems from my hearing of the play, already challenged in the days of those swashbuckling Elizabethans.

The disappointment I felt after hearing Günter Eich's *The Year Lacertis* (Third, November 26) was similar to the emotion I have felt whenever the work of a contemporary German author has come my way. There is always the sensation of an intelligence suppressed or diverted into work of a minor key. This play for radio contained the story of a man who goes to South America and contracts leprosy in the jungle. The line of the story was joined together by a series of word plays on the word *Lacertis*. This word play involved an interesting examination of the workings of imagery but it did not in the end add up to anything. There was something unsatisfying about the work and I am sure that it has something to do with the failure of German writers to look their situation in the eye. The play with imagery kept on promising much but gave no more than a crossword clue.

Robin Midgley produced a fine frolic by Patrick Campbell called *A Time for Silence* (Home, November 29), which told the story of a jolly friar who was walled up for wenching in York in the sixteenth century. The friar, Aloysius (Denys Hawthorne), finds his wall abuts the neighbouring monastery and is released. But his taste for wine brings disgrace and he is once again walled up. He then knocks on the wall on the other side and is dug out to the wonder of his Brothers who, amazed that he is still alive after such a long incarceration, make him Father of the Priory.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



The Entertaining Nuance

THE DIFFICULTY of summing-up the week's listening lies not so much in giving a personal opinion but in trying to convey something of the style of delivery. How can I convey the slight hesitations of one, the rush of words of another? The foreigner whose accent forces one to concentrate that much harder, or the dead-pan voice of one who is reading rather than speaking? All these little nuances make the programmes lively and entertaining, or boring and futile. Fortunately, the majority of producers at the B.B.C. always manage to get the best out of their speakers, by rigorous rehearsal and tuition in the little ways in which they may be able to endear themselves to their audience. Of course, there are bound to be faults, but in the unscripted programmes, where the voice is alive and natural, these faults are diminished. I am thinking particularly about 'Talking of Films' (Network Three, November 27). This monthly magazine of the cinema world is well produced and immensely informative. The world of the cinema, at least behind the scenes, has always fascinated me. It is not so much the finished product I want to know about, but the inner workings—what goes on in the making of a film, how the story is chosen, built-on, cut, edited, etc., etc. And this series gives me, at least, some of the answers.

Last week Gordon Gow interviewed the Italian producer and director, Luchino Visconti, whose latest film, *Rocco and His Brothers*, is now on in London. The accent, the sudden torrent of words, the hesitations, all constituted a spontaneous discussion. Visconti was questioned on the length of his films—I couldn't see the familiar Italian gesture of shrugged shoulders and splayed hands, but it was in his answer—'I can't help it. All my pictures are long. They would be longer if I had my way . . .'. *Rocco* does have an intermission, but when a film is so technically superb and emotionally compelling as this is, the length is unimportant. It remains with one for a very long time afterwards: the varying emotions of love-hate between brothers, the harsh realism which hits where it is meant to hit. Visconti's work is the very opposite of what Mr. Kenneth Allsop feels is beginning to dominate our contemporary literary scene—boredom. In a recent article, he asked 'Will the end come not with a bang, but with a yawn?' For those who are not deeply involved, possibly. But for Visconti, it will be the bang.

Let me turn again to unscripted discussions. On December 1 in the Home Service, in 'What's the Idea?', the subject was 'Anti Fox-Hunting'. A team of three—Patrick Moore, the honorary Vice-President of the National Committee for the Abolition of Cruel Sports, versus Michael Berry of the British Field Sports Society and Denys Danby, a veterinary surgeon. The thirty-minute discussion fairly bounced along, with interruptions, shouting-down, all three arguing together—a hilarious debate on an extremely serious subject. It was Free Speech in the old tradition. Mr. Moore was most efficient, quoting constantly from papers with which he had protected himself, but never getting the answers he so passionately wanted. He remained coldly efficient to the end, even when Mr. Danby angrily accused him of having a bee in his bonnet—'That is why you are here, sir!' But Mr. Moore was not to be outdone: he insisted on claiming half of the remaining three minutes. All three began arguing at once, and I still find myself wondering about the subject. The discussion certainly did not tempt me to attend a hunt, neither did it make me violently 'anti'. It left me in mid-air about the morals of the whole thing, but highly amused at the method

of discussion. It was a most lively Friday evening.

There is little to add to 'Portrait of Frieda Lawrence', heard in the Home Service on November 29, except that I felt we were given only a partial image of this immensely vital woman. Her physical, rather than her mental impact, was heavily stressed. Was it this quality in her which inspired Lawrence, in *Twilight in Italy*, to write: 'There is no synthetic love between men and women, there is only passion, and passion is fundamental hatred, the act of love is a fight'. A fuller portrait may emerge from her *Memoirs and Correspondence* which have just been edited by E. W. Tedlock. Her vitality and outward-flowing enthusiasm for life was infectious; perhaps it cannot be contained in word-images.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



Tribute to Schönberg

NOT BY NATURE being entirely attuned to the musical outlook of Schönberg and his followers, I was not relishing the prospect of the entire concert of his works conducted by Bruno Maderna (Third, November 29). It turned out to be a rewarding, and often an inspiring, experience. Perhaps during some of the more complex passages I should not have been so happy without the scores to rivet attention to what was going on. I know that the claim is made that Schönberg's works may be listened to like any other music, but I disagree. They greatly benefit from the sight of his technical procedures, provided as they are with many useful guides, on the paper. It must be thirty years since I first heard the famous *Variations*, a pretty grim experience at the time, but I can see now what it is that commands such admiration: the wrenching of expression from unyielding material, like a sculptor hacking at granite. By comparison, composers who work in this style think of old-fashioned chromatic harmony as putty. It was interesting to see Schönberg's evolution in this programme from the warm, lush harmonies of the early *Verklärte Nacht* to the spectacular *Prelude to Genesis* and the *Survivor from Warsaw*, also a vivid dramatic work, with a spoken part wonderfully declaimed by Marius Goring. Here we have it: in all of these works I think we can say that Schönberg has never been a composer of sensibility—even *Verklärte Nacht* does not come into this category—which may be the reason for his appeal to a generation that has largely denied values of sensibility.

I have little to add to the general appraisal of Strauss's *The Silent Woman* (Third, November 28): opulent music, but vastly reminiscent of Strauss's earlier works. It is also unbelievably fluent. Strange to say, I found it more enjoyable over the air than at Covent Garden where the stylized drawing-room of the retired admiral is overdone. Atlases, anchors, and Chippendale are set out in profusion, and enormous skeletons of fish are suspended from the ceiling. Greatly enlivened by Arthur Jacobs's translation, this comic opera of Strauss was, however, excellent fireside music. Not much is missed by indulging in a few minutes' chat. More could have been made of the principal parts with their great range of vocal expression—Strauss certainly knew how to write for the voice—but one of the minor parts was outstandingly well done. I call attention to Elizabeth Vaughan, who sang Isotta's florid aria with splendid assurance and panache.

The high level of the Bayreuth *Meistersinger* (Third, December 3) was disturbed only by the seemingly tired voice of Josef Greindl in the exacting part of Hans Sachs. One could have



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done also with a fresher approach to the *Preislied* from Wolfgang Windgassen, but Elisabeth Grümmer as Eva and Karl Schmitt-Walter as Beckmesser were 100 per cent. in their parts. The great moments in *Meistersinger*, the frantic pandemonium in Act II and the quintet in Act III, were, in this production, truly great, thanks to the authority of Josef Krips, who drew from the orchestra some of the most ravishing effects in *Meistersinger* I have heard. Six hours for an opera is on the long side, but I am still a sufficiently youthful Wagnerian to find it not a minute overlong. Like Romain Rolland's Jean-Christophe, when he was listening for the first time to a Beethoven symphony at the Châtelet, I was worried during the performance only

by the fact that eventually it would come to an end.

The inclusion of Scriabin's *Poème d'Extase* in the request programme 'Your Concert Choice' (Home, December 3) suggests that there may be a wide response to this neglected composer. The rare opportunities of hearing this work reveal that Scriabin had an extraordinary sense of the orchestra. His texture is constantly nervous and alive, swarming with delicate figurations and producing the effect of an enlarged chamber orchestra in which each instrument, even the divided strings, is treated as a soloist. And it is a revealing work in another way. Whenever the *Poème d'Extase* is given I hear more and more of Stravinsky in it—the

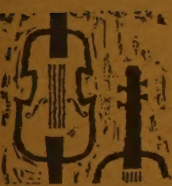
Stravinsky of *The Firebird*, and in particular the *Ronde des Princesses* in this ballet, which was principally inspired by Scriabin and which contains some of Stravinsky's most enchanting pages. One wonders why other orchestral works of this darkly exciting composer are not given. In the nineteen-twenties, throughout Europe and America, he was extremely popular, enjoying then a cult similar to that of Mahler today. Have we turned our backs completely on music of the heart? When the *Divine Poem* of Scriabin was last given, or *Prometheus*, which has a part for a colour organ, I cannot remember. It would be surprising if a Scriabin revival today didn't produce a substantial following.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

'The Queen of Spades'

By GERALD SEAMAN

Tchaikovsky's opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, December 11



TCHAIKOVSKY'S *Pikovaya dama* (The Queen of Spades) is one of the best documented

of his operas, the evolution of the music being described in a series of letters which provide a remarkable insight into the composer's mind. He describes how he wrote the opera 'with unprecedented fervour and enthusiasm, physically felt and experienced everything that took place in it (even to the extent of at one time fearing the appearance of the Countess's ghost) . . .'. On another occasion he mentions his feeling of 'self-oblivion and delight' in tackling the theme and how 'the whole thing is to write with love'. Most touching of all is the description to his brother Modest, who had written the libretto, of his completion of the opera on March 3, 1890:

I composed the very end of the opera yesterday before dinner and when I came to the death of Hermann and the final chorus, I felt such awful pity for Hermann that I began to cry hard. This weeping went on for an awfully long time and developed into a mild hysteria of a very pleasant kind, i.e. it was terribly sweet for me to cry. Afterwards I considered why (for there had never been a similar case of my sobbing on account of the fate of my hero, and I tried to understand why I had wanted to weep like that). It shows that Hermann was not only an excuse for my writing this or that music, but all the time a real live being, very sympathetic as well.

A Different Hermann from Pushkin's

What was there in the character of Hermann that should arouse such intense compassion on the part of the composer? In the first place, Tchaikovsky's Hermann is a very different person from Pushkin's. In the novel, Hermann is depicted as a cold, calculating egoist intent solely on furthering his own ends. He has a private fortune, though he lives on his income, has 'the profile of a Napoleon and the soul of a Mephistopheles' as well as 'at least three crimes on his conscience'. His making the acquaintance of Liza is determined solely by his desire to learn the secret of the three cards by which the old Countess invariably wins at the gambling-table, and he is willing to stop at nothing in order to gain his ends. Tchaikovsky's Hermann, on the other hand, is penniless. Sincerely in love with Liza, devotion is the initial motive for his actions: to acquire the secret of the cards would give him the means of marrying Liza, but gradually the obsession overwhelms him and drives him from his senses. In Pushkin, Her-

mann spends his last days in a hospital where 'he never answers any questions, but constantly mutters with unusual rapidity: "Three, seven, ace! Three, seven, queen!"' In the opera he dies, though at the point of death his sanity returns and he remembers his beloved.

Changes in the Original Plot

In order to make the action as effective as possible, Tchaikovsky and his brother wrought havoc with the original plot. Whole scenes were omitted, fresh material introduced. In the opera, the whole of the funeral scene, in which the dead Countess winks her eye at Hermann, is omitted, being replaced instead by the ball scene and the episode with the masks which does not occur in the original. In the story, Liza marries 'a very amiable man . . . a civil servant, and with a considerable fortune': in the opera, Liza commits suicide by throwing herself into the Winter Canal.

Other innovations are the opening scene in the Summer Garden and the gradual revelation of Liza's and Hermann's love. In Pushkin, the first time that Liza actually speaks to her lover is in the Countess's bedroom. Even Liza's social position has been changed, for whereas in the story she is only a poor relative of the Countess, in the opera she becomes her wealthy grand-daughter. Tchaikovsky's Liza is far more sophisticated than Pushkin's who, like Tatyana in *Eugeny Onegin*, writes Hermann a letter. Her superior status is emphasized by her association with the Prince—transformed into Hermann's rival—whose role in the story is insignificant. Another modification is that, in the novel, the Countess actually speaks to Hermann in the scene in the bedroom. In the same passage in the opera, she says not a single word.

One of the most important alterations is the changing of the action from the nineteenth to the eighteenth century, which was done at the request of Vsevolozhsky, director of the Imperial Theatres. This made possible the inclusion of a number of scenes (including a good proportion of the second act) written in a pseudo-eighteenth-century idiom, besides an air borrowed from Grétry's opera *Richard Coeur de Lion* and an old French melody 'Vive Henri Quatre', sung by the Countess in the fourth scene. In the desire for musical and historical fidelity, we learn from the composer's brother, Modest, that he obtained for him a volume of folk-songs by Trutovsky, together with the works of Kozlow-

ski, the scores of eighteenth-century operas by Grétry, Salieri, and Astaritta, and also a collection of French airs, songs and romances of the same period. The libretto also includes verses by the Russian poets Zhukovsky, Batyushkov, Derzhavin, and Karabanov, the speciality of the last, according to the composer, being 'to write the texts of salutatory and other kinds of cantatas at the celebrations of Catherine the Great'. The only other borrowings from already existing material are the employment of an authentic funeral theme, 'I shed a prayer unto the Lord', in the ecclesiastical chorus heard behind the scenes at the ending of the opera, and a motive from Bortnyansky's opera *Le fils rival* (1787).

In Love with his Own Image

What was there then about the libretto that so enraptured the composer and compelled him to work at such white heat? For the opera was drafted out in Florence in the remarkably short period of only forty-four days, the orchestral score being completed in four months. Undoubtedly the answer is to be found in Tchaikovsky's very Russian psychology. In order for his imagination to be stimulated he had to have (as he himself tells us) 'live people, touching situations'. Pushkin's Hermann, with his callous egocentricity, was antipathetic. A person void of love for anyone but himself could not hope to move him (in 1892 he wrote: 'where the heart is not touched, there can be no music'), but a character filled with human emotions, wrestling with fortune and struggling with fate, could succeed not only in commanding his sympathy but in arousing his profoundest compassion. That the theme of *Pikovaya dama*, and Hermann in particular, was also close to his heart is revealed by another letter in which he outlines one of his prime requirements as 'a subject in which a single dramatic motive predominates'. There was always a touch of Narcissus in Tchaikovsky, and in the operatic Hermann the composer fell in love with his own image.

That he had succeeded in writing a masterpiece he realized himself, though, characteristically, he was afraid to give way completely to whole-hearted enthusiasm: 'I am now at a period of particular love for life. I rush about with the consciousness of a great work well done. Perhaps, though, it only seems to me that *Pikovaya dama* is a successful opera. I don't know, but for the time being I believe in its brilliant future'.

Bridge against Bogey—Heat I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



LAST SUNDAY on Network Three the first of a new series of par contests was held. In par contract points are awarded for the best bidding and play of a prepared hand. Six counties are taking part in the first round, each represented by four players who play two hands. The two counties that obtain the best scores will qualify for the final.

The first county to perform was Somerset, represented by the brothers Mr. P. F. and Mr. E. J. Spurway, Mr. G. C. Griffiths and Mr. S. W. Thomas. In **Hand 1** (see column three), South dealer, game all, the bidding went as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
P. F. Spurway	G. C. Griffiths	E. J. Spurway	S. W. Thomas
1 H	1 S	2 H	3 H
4 H	No	No	5 D
No	No	5 H	Dble
No	5 S	No	No
No			

To score their full points for bidding, East-West had to reach a slam in diamonds. A jump to Four Diamonds on East's hand might have been better than his Three Hearts. Had East-West reached Six Diamonds, North-South would have been expected to sacrifice in Six Hearts. As it was, North-South scored 3 out of 3, East-West 1 out of 3.

In a par contest hands have to be played in the directed contract, whatever happens at the table, and the directed contract here was Six Hearts doubled, by South, with the queen of

spades the directed lead. To obtain the full penalty (and the par points) East must win with the ace of spades and return a *low* diamond (in the recommended bidding West has supported diamonds). After trumping the spade East plays the *queen* of clubs. Declarer can try for some sort of end-play, but the defence should come to two more club tricks.

The Somerset players, perhaps thrown off balance by the fact that their own bidding had been different, missed all the points in the play, so came to **Hand 2** (see column three) with a score of 4 out of 15. South dealer, love all.

The obvious contract of Four Spades was reached and the defence began on the right lines when the king of diamonds was overtaken by the ace and West's singleton club was led back. It was plain that the defenders were threatening to come to a ruff in clubs: if North simply leads a trump from the table, West will go up with the ace, put his partner in with the queen of diamonds, and ruff the club return.

Mr. E. J. Spurway attempted to counter this by the clever play of overtaking dummy's second heart and leading the eight of hearts, with the intention of discarding a diamond from dummy. East can counter this counter by going up with the jack of hearts on the third round. When he failed to do this, West had to win and could no longer put his partner in for the club lead.

Somerset scored 12 out of 15 for this second hand, so their total was 16 out of 30.

Hand 1

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 9 8 5 3		♠ A	
♥ K J 10 6 2		♥ 5	
♦ 9		♦ A Q J 8 5 4 2	
♣ J 8 4		♣ A Q 9 3	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ Q J 10 7 4 2		♠ K 6	
♥ —		♥ A Q 9 8 7 4 3	
♦ K 10 7 3		♦ 6	
♣ 10 6 2		♣ K 7 5	

Hand 2

NORTH		EAST	
♠ K Q J 10 7		♠ 2	
♥ A 8 6		♥ J 7 4 3	
♦ 8 5		♦ K Q 10 4	
♣ 8 7 4		♣ J 9 6 2	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ A 8 6		♠ 9 5 4 3	
♥ 10 9 5 2		♥ K Q	
♦ A J 6 3 2		♦ 9 7	
♣ 3		♣ A K Q 10 5	

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IN THE KITCHEN



Christmas Cake

IF YOU, like me, intend to make a Christmas cake at this late date, here is the ideal recipe:

- 12 oz. of currants
- 6 oz. of sultanas
- 6 oz. of raisins (stoned)
- 3 oz. each of blanched chopped almonds, halved
- glacé cherries, mixed chopped peel, and ground almonds
- 9 oz. of plain flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon of salt
- 1 level teaspoon of mixed spice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon each ground cinnamon and nutmeg
- 8 oz. of soft brown sugar
- 8 oz. of margarine
- 4 eggs
- grated rind of 1 lemon
- milk or rum or sherry to mix

Grease an 8-inch tin and line with 3 layers of greaseproof paper, and brush the top layer with melted cooking fat. Clean and prepare the fruit and see that it is all dry before mixing it thoroughly with the ground almonds. Sift the flour with the salt and spices.

Cream the sugar and margarine till light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time, adding a tablespoon of the flour mixture with each egg—this prevents curdling. Add the grated lemon rind and the rest of the flour and spices. The mixture should now be of a soft dropping consistency; if it is too stiff, add very little milk or rum or sherry. Lastly, add the fruit mixture, folding it all in thoroughly.

Bake on the middle shelf in a very slow oven (Mark 1 or 290° F) for 4½-4¾ hours. If your oven is inclined to be 'fierce', you may find it best to tie a band of folded brown paper round the outside of the tin, and to stand the tin on a round of cardboard. And towards the end of

cooking, lay some greaseproof paper over the top of the cake to prevent it getting too brown.

When baked, allow the cake to cool in the tin for 15 minutes before turning it out. When it is quite cold, wrap it in greaseproof paper and store in an airtight tin until you are ready to ice and decorate it.

LOUISE DAVIES

Tastier Baked Potatoes

Ask your greengrocer for potatoes which are unblemished and fairly large. When the potatoes have been baked in their jackets in the usual way, halve them, scoop out the potato and mash it with a knob of butter, or margarine, some chopped cooked bacon, a little grated raw onion, and finely chopped parsley. Pile it all back into the potato shells, brush with egg, and brown in a hot oven for ten minutes.

LOUISE DAVIES

Austrian Red Cabbage

You will need:

- 1 red cabbage (about 3 lb.)
- 1 dessertspoon of salt
- 2 cooking apples
- 2 heaped tablespoons of flour
- 2 heaped tablespoons of sugar
- 1 tablespoon of vinegar
- A nut of fat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ an onion

Melt the fat, slice the onion very thinly, and fry in the fat until a light brown. Cut the cabbage into very thin strips, discarding the thick tough stalk, and add to the onion and fat. Sprinkle with the salt; add the apples, cut into small pieces; add sugar and vinegar, and simmer slowly for half an hour, shaking the pan and making sure the apples have made enough juice to prevent everything sticking.

Sprinkle the flour in, mix well, and add a very little boiling water. Cook everything very slowly for another 1½ hours, looking at it and shaking the pan from time to time to make sure there is enough liquid to prevent burning.

When cooked, the mixture should be soft and thick, almost with the consistency of stewed apples. It is particularly delicious served with pork, goose, or duck, for it qualifies the richness of such meats.

You can of course use less cabbage, but do not reduce the quantities of vinegar, fat, or onion—merely reduce the quantities of apples, flour, sugar, and salt proportionately.

MOLLY WEIR

Notes on Contributors

- F. S. NORTHEGE (page 955): Reader in International Relations, London University
 RUPERT CROSS (page 967): Lecturer in Law and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; joint author (with P. A. Jones) of *Cases and Criminal Law*, author of *Evidence, Precedent in English Law*, etc.
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Crossword No. 1,645.

Logogriffs—IV.

By Topher

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 35s., 25s., and 21s. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The ten ten-letter across lights can each be anagrammed into two separate words. Clues are given, not necessarily in that order, for the whole word and for each of the two anagrams, the figures in brackets being the lengths of the latter. For the four five-letter down lights clues are given, not necessarily in that order, for the word to be entered in the diagram and for three anagrams thereof. Finally, for the eighty letters apart from the down lights clues are given for lights obtained by beginning at the numbered squares indicated and taking adjacent letters in any direction (i.e. chess king's move), each and every one of the eighty letters being used once and only once. In these alternate clues are anagrams of the actual one-word clues.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Long for the jargon of our satellite (5, 5)
3. Bit blanket—free (5, 5)
7. Repairing dried-up grates (4, 6)
10. Cunning dance faces (5, 5)
14. Indicative active—stop (4, 6)
15. Unimportant direction and style (4, 6)
18. Spare solitary jester (5, 5)
21. Talk deliriously of cards to declare (4, 6)
25. Fringe secrets—a disease (4, 6)
28. The military display import revenue (4, 6)

DOWN

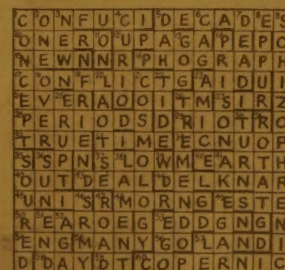
1. Separate shifts—acquaint further (5)
2. The copious and sovereign composer to stand out (5)

15. Minimum make-up of the jurors—out-of-date abuse (5)
17. Prize folding part of a pink shield (5)

KING'S MOVE

4. Undergo (4)
5. Weight sounds like the trouble (5)
6. Rate slip (4)
8. Excellent transport if you have put inside in disorder (4)
9. Cinders suit (7)
11. Made ridiculous sounding lead (5)
12. Grants it (7)
13. Iris in heraldry and as an embellishment (3)
16. Ended green (5)
19. The political rebels, though few, sound a note of warning (4)
20. A few pies (4)
22. Make off and clear out (5)
23. Cents ran free (7)
24. The moths lose a spike (4)
26. Indoor mate (6)
27. Dance without work leather (3)
29. Lame (3)

Solution of No. 1,643



1st prize: J. M. MacLeod (London, N.W.2); 2nd prize: David Lewis (Saffron Walden); 3rd prize: G. W. Ware (Purley).

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